



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 49 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 21, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$5. Whole No. 621

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL ISSUE OF TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER IS UNDER PREPARATION, AND NEWSDEALERS AND OTHERS WILL SOON BE ABLE TO SECURE CANVASSERS' SUPPLIES. THOSE IN THE TRADE WHO HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY HANDLED IT AND HAVE NOT ALREADY ARRANGED TO DO SO THIS YEAR, SHOULD AT ONCE COMMUNICATE WITH THIS OFFICE. THE BOOK WILL THIS YEAR CONTAIN SIXTY-FOUR PAGES, AND FIVE PICTURE SUPPLEMENTS GO WITH IT. WE CLAIM THAT ONE OF THESE COLORED SUPPLEMENTS IS THE FINEST POSSIBLE COPY OF ONE OF THE GREATEST PAINTINGS IN THE WORLD.

Things in General.

ONE of the misfortunes which war brings to any country concerned is the entire forgetfulness of any other subject of conversation or calculation. When the United States was having its dispute with Spain its newspapers and magazines sickened us beyond comparison with their talks about one-horse battles and no-account generals. Now it seems likely that our own press will be overrun with editorials directing the War Office, and other equally silly blatherings about what to do and what to leave undone. I feel like making vows to those who read this page that they may be able to turn to it without fear of finding nothing but war news stewed, and war news fried, and war news done up in hash. If SATURDAY NIGHT can find some good pictures of the war, or of places of interest, it will present them, but it is not our intention to go war-mad. So, gentle reader, when you weary of war come to us and we will join with you in dissecting our neighbors and in other light methods of enjoying ourselves.

It is not well to be too serious, and the shedding of blood and the roaring of cannon and the list of those dead, dying and wounded, will be so often thrust before your eyes that you will find relief when we tell you about things for which people ought to be killed but for which they are being praised. Now that it is settled that a Canadian contingent is to go to the front in exactly the shape that they desire to go, it may be well to resume the discussion of other topics which interest us and pay some attention to domestic affairs. No newspaper will watch with keener interest than SATURDAY NIGHT the war in South Africa. No one will watch our boys march away with a more hysterical desire to either laugh or cry, or with more sincere sympathy, than I will. Even the schoolboys with their wooden guns make me choke up with martial enthusiasm, and when our fellows returned from the North-West I wonder that I did not land in the police station, as many of us would have done, had the patrol men not been instructed to deal leniently with those who were too patriotically happy.

War is a thing which I am not fit to discuss, but I am afraid that the majority of people are not fit to discuss the subject with any sanity. As I get older I am able to restrain the expression of sentiments which in my youth I considered the first principles of patriotism, but which I have since then been led to believe are indications of an hysterical disposition. I have never got very far away from the savagery of my forefathers, and I am afraid there are many others whose kinship to the aborigine can be more easily traced when war is under discussion than at any other time. I believe in the Empire and in Canada, and that not only South Africa, but all of Africa and all of the earth should be under the British flag. I can give reasons why every Canadian should do his best to bring the whole earth under the Union Jack. If such a proposal were made I would no doubt go to public meetings and stand in public places with my mouth open, and yell myself hoarse in favor of such a programme. If anything could subdue my enthusiasm it would probably be the question of how to bring this thing about without embroiling the elements most anxious individually to see the same results they anticipate with such noisy pride. My greatest restraint is provided by my infirmities. I have become exceedingly anxious never to be caught shouting at people I cannot whip, for it is very disagreeable to have an unwashed fist pushed into one's mouth when it is opened for "purely" patriotic purposes.

I think I told the story once before about my initiation into the ways of the Wild and Woolly West, but as it is *apropos* I may be excused for repeating. Like many an old story-teller, I have repeated myself so often that I am never sure whether I am telling the same story or telling it the same way. However, I was going down to take charge of a business in the South-western States, and I was so young and inexperienced that my ignorance became oppressive even to myself. As I rode beside the grizzled old driver who was in charge of the supplies, I asked him the best method of conducting myself so as not to be shot before I was acclimated. He answered that there was only one law in the territories which had to be observed, and that was that "every man must mind his own damn business." I struggled to follow this rule, and found it very conducive to my health and peace of mind. If I had not been in the newspaper business I should have endeavored to make my life peaceful and my presence popular by adopting the same rule. This has been made impossible by the fact that a newspaper man must of necessity mind other people's business, yet I am still impressed by the old man's advice.

As applied to national affairs, I am inclined to think that we get along best when we mind our own business best and are least given to interfering in the affairs of our relatives and neighbors. I used to rush into fights, but now I rush away from them with a haste even greater than I showed when I was anxious for trouble. I believe that when there is no excitement and no fight on, we can best adjust matters of duty and responsibility. I am inclined to the opinion that when there is least heat there is most reason, and that the cool and level-headed man is by far the best friend.

However, we have gone into this scheme because we thought we ought to. We have lived for many years believing, or acting as if we believed, that we owed Great Britain nothing. The tendency of our national time of life seems to be to try to prove that we have suddenly become convicted of owing a debt. It is immaterial to those who are making most noise in this matter that a considerable section of the Canadian community has been trying to demonstrate this for many years. I am proud to say that I was one of the number who did not need any sudden conversion with regard to our responsibility to the Motherland which has protected us. I am not a backslider now; I believe that we owe a great debt and that we are taking a very poor way of paying it. However, the method has been adopted and there is nothing more to be said except that Canada must take care of her sons who go abroad and of those dependent upon them who are left at home. Let us do this without ostentation or any of the manoeuvres which will lead our national neighbors to believe that we never take a loaf to our mother's house without having a brass band in front of us. And while we are doing it let us attend to our own business of improving the country and filling it with people. Let us not fall back from the standard which we have set up for ourselves during the last few years, or become forgetful of the duty that must always be our first charge, of maintaining domestic peace and increasing that prosperity which makes us most valuable as a colony of Great Britain.

Strange things will be begun; strange ideas will receive much attention from the press; small jealousies will be increased into bitter feuds; political partisanship will doubtless be exaggerated by this war, for war never does anything but create troubles of an intricate sort. Let fight be talked along the concession lines and the air will be so full of fight that old-time friends will be on their muscle and ready to

argue points which they do not understand, and to contest things in which there is no value for either contestant. Unfortunately the whole world seems disposed to discuss peace and to declare war. The best citizens may not be those who go to the war, but those who stay at home and pay for it and endeavor by every means in their power to restrain the warlike spirit. Canada has half a continent to take care of, to fill up, to cultivate, to make prosperous and Great Britain is in no extremity, does not need our help more than she has needed it a half a dozen times within the memory of those who are still fit to shoulder a musket, and we will not make this country more attractive by declaring to the world that it is not a land of peace and plenty, of unanimity.

The people of the old lands who are continually being called upon to serve as soldiers in unjust broils, will not pause to think when they are seeking a new home, that we are volunteering men and money, but will fear to come to us lest the militarism of the country that they are leaving is not more severe than that of Canada, the country in which they were contemplating a future home. Surely we have waited long enough without adopting in a moment when the tide seems turning our way, a policy which will prevent the influx for which we have so long looked. Let us be generous and yet reasonable, patriotic and still prudent. There is no call for any madness or militarism, no excuse for sowing seeds of discord in North America because South Africa is disturbed. Let us do our duty and pay our debts

coon-hunting, the black squirrels have gone, and the partridge may be scarce, but the thought of it all as it once was, comes to me with every falling leaf that is blown against my window.

If the farmers could only understand how little those in the city get out of their endless striving for money, how content they would be. Even a free-grant homestead amongst the yellowing leaves of Muskoka is worth more, many times, than a fine residence in a city. Year after year I become more convinced that the voices of nature are leaving less impress on the ear of the youth, both in town and country, than they once did. In the city there seems to be a growing narrowness, a falling to reach anything or to be in touch with anything with any meaning. In the country there is the culture of the wilds which with many lonesome hours brings a breadth of receptivity to the mind, forever absent from those whom luxury seems to favor. Even travel and the most liberal education find city people staring blindly into the future, apparently understanding nothing, and so deafened by the sound of what is going on that nothing reaches their soul.

The worst of it all is that nothing seems to be possible as a cure. There is no voice which they hear, no dream which they have, so inspiring as the one which wakes the dreamer in the farmer's attic. There seems to be no well of sentiment, or profundity, or imagination, in those who have exhausted the world in search of something with which they are out of tune. One cannot express it, though one may feel it when trying

They may die with their fingers twisted by toil; they may patch coverlids and make rag carpets, and dye them with colors which are loud enough to make one avert one's eyes, but in every patch and in every rag there is a story, a meaning. They have seen the colors come and go on hill and valley; they have seen the color of the clouds and have watched with fear the first whisperings of the storm; they have heard the rain and the hail beat on the roof and have watched the snowbank about the doors. They are near to nature, while those in cities have got so far away from it that God only knows how they will ever get back.

Then if it be admitted that those who are near to nature are nearest to happiness, and if we admit, as we all must admit, that luxury is only a habit and that a habit ceases to be a pleasure, we must know that our kinspeople of the farms are happier than we are, more susceptible to education, more capable of becoming great. Their ears may seem to be dull and their eyes heavy, but as the hoe is nearer to the ground than the piano is to heaven, I believe that the hoe-handle is after all fuller of inspiration than the many things we affect in cities.

REV. LOUIS H. JORDAN has resigned the pastorate of St. James' Square Presbyterian church and proposes to go to Germany to study comparative theology. There seems to be a strange unrest among the Presbyterian clergymen of Toronto when you come to think of it. Mr. McCaughan came and went; Mr. McClements came and went; Rev. J. A. Morrison resigned from East Presbyterian church, Rev. D. C. Hossack from Dunn avenue church, and now Rev. L. H. Jordan drops out. There may be other instances, but these are prominent ones. It would be interesting to know just what this exodus means. If it is true that these five clergymen are either wealthy or possessed of independent means, does this throw any light upon the subject, and would other pastors resign and pursue their careers along other lines, or in other fields, if they were financially able to do so? If these clergymen who are not dependent upon their stipends quit their work here in the vigor of their days, and if there is not now before us an instance of a man resigning who is dependent upon his stipend, it may reasonably be concluded that the unrest extends further than to these five clergymen. I believe it does. The life of the clergyman is a difficult one. He is expected to laugh or cry as suits the mood of each parishioner; he gets drawn into all kinds of petty jangles—small people force these upon him however much he may try to keep aloof. Being an educated man, perhaps a man of culture, the pettiness of many of the squabbles that are forced upon him must cause him to despair of the possibility of doing anything in his pastorate, however long and devotedly he may work.

It has often been said that Rev. L. H. Jordan would receive an appointment as professor at Knox College, but it begins to be apparent that no Toronto man can win such a prize. There are so many local aspirants that each one is quite lost in the crowd. Prof. Robertson was brought from Chicago to fill the chair of Old Testament Exegetics, and when he returned to that city Prof. McFadden was brought out from Scotland. Whether Mr. Jordan ever sought a chair in Knox college I do not know; perhaps the talk of it arose entirely from his recognized scholarship and fitness. But if he had such a thing in view he has evidently given it up, and will pursue special studies in Germany. Chicago University or some other seat of learning abroad will no doubt eventually secure his services.

HON. A. S. HARDY has resigned and Hon. G. W. Ross takes his place as Premier, while Mr. Stratton comes in to fill the Cabinet. It may be that the change has not been sufficiently radical, but time should be given the new organization to show what it intends to do and to prove that it has the intention to attempt and carry out large measures.

FOR many years I had to do with theatrical reporting on newspapers, and though I still have a ready welcome at every theater in this city I do not occupy a seat more than once or twice a year. However, when a "Nigger Show" comes along I am there. The minstrels were the joy of my youthful heart, as they are still the refreshment of a somewhat weary theatrical taste. It seems like "going to the show" of the old days. Every imitation darkey who sings reminds me of some other comedian who is perhaps dead or out of the business. Last week I went to see West's minstrels, and two or three times I laughed till I cried. I do not really know whether the show was very good or not, but I thought it was. I wasn't there to criticize; I was there to laugh, and I think that probably that is the best frame of mind in which a man can go to a performance which is intended to amuse. A fellow who sang *Asleep in the Deep* bowled me clear over. I am not rich, but I would give a good deal of money to sing like that basso. However, it was the burnt cork part of the show that amused me. I am not particularly interested in acrobats, or silk coats, or spread-eagle performances—in fact, I did not wait to see the Dewey do-da-dey end of the thing, but I felt happier and better after it. No man can have a good laugh or a good cry without feeling that he is in good shape to tackle anything that comes. I am not looking after the good cry any more, so I do not hunt Uncle Tommer entertainments, nor East Lynne, nor that breed of shows. I have seen little Eva go up to heaven too often and then found her in the audience selling her photograph before the show was out.

What I want to say is this, that if someone would get up an old-fashioned nigger show like Cool Burgess used to give us when he played Solon Shingle, I would give a dollar a night for a week to go and laugh and rejuvenate myself. Is it not possible to have a real old-fashioned performance where everybody is blackened and the songs are those that they used to sing? Are our ears so tired that we could not stand the old ballads of the days of the genuine darkey minstrels? I would like to see the dancers get up with shoes on about three feet long and thump the stage. I want to see somebody like Kersands, and Bill Rice, and Cool Burgess, and the great end-men of the past, give us a performance which would make the dust fly on the stage. I want to see an old rough-and-tumble nigger show, see the fellows with big mouths and black faces beaming on us from the chairs when the show opens. Why don't we have the stump-speech from Senator Applejack? Why don't we have the old Romeo and Juliet performance in burnt cork? Why don't we see Othello with black accessories? Why has the old topical song been abandoned? Why, indeed, has the minstrel show degenerated into a sort of a variegated concert, half black and half white, with an interlocutor who tries to be chairman of a Sunday school entertainment rather than a king-bee at a rip-roaring concert? I know I write myself entirely out of the strict set which believes in artistic performances, when I clamor for a good old-fashioned show of the past. Nevertheless, I believe that tired business men would not only go, but take their families to a performance such as I suggest. The revival of the old show will bring a fortune to the man who takes hold of it. People have sufficient opportunities to weep in private, and unfortunately households are not so constructed as to give one many chances to laugh. A great big chest-stretching laugh is the finest medicine that a tired man can have. We have vaudeville, and farce, and all sorts of things, but nothing like the old nigger show. I would pay good money to see the old heads, or somebody who can imitate them or imitate the same things. I would like to laugh, and I know I could laugh with Kersands, and Rice, and Cool Burgess, and Barlow, and Wilson, and Primrose and West. The appetite we are showing for war should instruct theatrical managers as to the amount of savagery that is left in us. Let us have the



LIEUT.-COL. W. D. OTTER.

Who will Command the Canadian Contingent in South Africa.

and be self-respecting and self-supporting, but not hysterical.

WALKING down Yonge street on Wednesday I overheard three schoolboys talking about the Canadians who are going to the Boer war. "There was a kid, he isn't fourteen yet," said one of the lads, "and he went down town to the War Department to see if he could go as a drummer boy, but they said they didn't want any." "Ain't they goin' to take any?" "Nop. I know the kid well; he goes to our school." "What's his name?" "Alec. McArthur—you know him." "Course I do," said one of the others, "he's a decent-looking kid." It was plain to see that all three were deeply impressed by the McArthur kid's war-like tendencies, which were unhappily thwarted by the "War Department." One might suppose from the talk of the three lads that they were older than the "kid" of whom they spoke, but I doubt if one of the three had seen his eleventh birthday.

IF in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, then "when the autumn days are come, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds and weeping woods and meadows brown and drear," the thoughts of those who were born on a farm and have been encrusted with city ways and methods of life, naturally turn to the woods. It is not possible for everyone to go out shooting, but it is within the limits of nearly everyone's means to visit the country and see the contentment which comes after the harvesting of a good crop. Just now one can find the mushrooms on the pasture lands and can walk ankle-deep amidst the dead leaves of the woods. Though the apples have been gathered, with crimson cheeks touching one another they lie in great bins. It may not be that there are corn-buskings, and paring-bees, and the jollities of olden times, but there are lots of merry makings and the air is full of happiness and plenty.

Who can forget, who has ever had the experience, the beauties of autumn in the country? The "meadows may be brown and drear" later on, but not just yet, and the woods in their autumn glory are like a prophet's dream. Perhaps the boys do not go

to describe people who talk of books, and cities and sights with which they are familiar but which have not really impressed them. It is not it; there is no sympathy, no enrichment of the soul, no nourishment of the roots of life. There may be an inarticulate cry for something to make the nothingness of life less barren, but it is only an unheeded gasp of those who go on hunting for something where there is nothing.

In the country in the woods, "amidst the whispers of the soft south-west," this comes and enriches the life of many who never know that the gentlest rain of heaven has fallen on their souls. It is quite true that lives of people who live amidst the threats of changing seasons are often narrow enough and unheeded of beauty, yet into their lives comes a something which is absent from those who are deaf to all the sweet whisperings of the God of Nature. It may be that they suffer more hardships than we who live in cities, but they have more consolation of that outward and indescribable sort than we have. They may live poorly, but what does it matter what we have to eat? They may be poorly clad, but they are not shamed by more brilliantly arrayed neighbors. They may have to walk through the snow and life may seem a drear thing to them, but if they have anything of the fruitful soil of human nature in them it is always budding and giving forth some wild flower or wild fruit, while the city nature, tired by irrigation and artifices and modern appliances, never gives out a seed or one little blossom in answer to all the expenditure of money and the toll of those who watch over the flower-pots ranged around our tables or in our windows.

More dreadful than the winter even in the country, is the chill felt by those who have something but reap nothing. Then there is neither spring nor autumn. The gentle winds are not felt; the hot winds are not feared; the hail and the snow make no difference; and with no difference comes that dreadful thing, indifference. Those whose fortunes depend upon the showers that bring out the blossoms and the leaves, learn a language, if they are not dead to all voices except that of selfishness, that there is something greater than mere self. Their lives are richer than those of people who talk glibly of books, and music, and art.

savagery without the war. Let us have the nigger without the disguise of a silk uniform. Let us have the old scheme, and the tens of hundreds of thousands of people who have been born since that performance was in vogue would go to see the burlesque which is only intended to produce a laugh, and which, in itself, has no art except the art of making one merry.

Someday criticized me in a long letter because I put the picture of West, the nigger minstrel, on the front page. I will put the picture of any nigger minstrel who can make me laugh without offending the wife or daughter who is with me, by his performance. West does this, and any man can occupy the same space and be given the same attention who does the same thing. It has been the endeavor of SATURDAY NIGHT to put none but the pictures of worthy people on the front page. All I clamor for is the chance to put on the front page the picture of a man who gives a good show. The strictest moralist cannot find fault with it. The burnt cork artist does not need to be dirty to be amusing. We have fallen away from the ideals of the old-time mirth-provokers, or it would not even be suggested by the most acrimonious critic that such prominence should not be given to the man who makes us laugh. Give us plenty of men who make us laugh without making us blush at the same time. West is giving a good show of its class, but I think he would do better to go back to the old-fashioned minstrelsy.

ON August 20 last some boys were swimming in Toronto bay when one of them named James O'Dea sank, and another named Isaac Porter came to his rescue. It was a nasty place, the water-bottom being thick with weeds. Porter was compelled to dive five times before he succeeded in bringing up the body of O'Dea. In the meantime another boy had brought a doctor, and the result was that O'Dea was resuscitated. The whole occurrence reflected the greatest possible credit upon young Porter—for not only his courage but his sense was proven under circumstances where most men have neither. I called public attention to the affair at the time, and I am now glad to know that owing to representations made to the Royal Canadian Humane Association by Mr. R. Dandy, who is the watchful friend of newsboys, a bronze medal, suitably engraved, has been awarded to Isaac Porter. It has, however, been awarded, but not presented. I understand that the medal was mailed to young Porter, that it went to the wrong address, and that some trouble resulted before the rightful owner could get possession of it. These medals are, and should be, highly prized rewards of courage, and I do not quite understand why such a medal should be ungraciously thrown at anyone whose courage is deserving of recognition. In some cases quite a ceremony is made of presenting these medals—the mayor of the city makes the presentation and there is quite a turnout of people to applaud and show a warm human interest in the hero of the occasion. Young Isaac Porter is a newsboy, but he won a medal and he should get it and all that goes with it, graciously and not grudgingly. The opportunity to show that courage is esteemed a virtue, and that medals are awarded to those who deserve them without regard to other considerations whatever, should not have been lost. Possibly it is proposed at some future day to formally present this medal to Isaac Porter. It is to be hoped that this explanation will be forthcoming.



Isaac Porter.

THE proposition to give the Toronto section of the South African contingent delicacies in the way of food and wearing apparel, met with a certain amount of approbation at the meeting in the City Hall on Tuesday. The idea of insuring their lives for a thousand dollars apiece, however, seemed more in harmony with the ideas of those present than the babying of those who cheerfully go to war for the Empire's sake. It seems to me that we have a wrong idea of sending a contingent if we propose to make it an excursion from Canada—a sort of a picnic. The man who goes to war must know that he must endure the vicissitudes of a campaign. War should not be presented to the ordinary citizen as too easy a game, or there may be too great a clamor for an engagement of the sort which is offered by such disturbances as the one in South Africa.

The idea that we need to organize a send-off for the troops is almost an unnecessary one. Every individual is already organized to furnish a send-off which will never be forgotten. The boys will not leave us with the idea that those who are left behind are thoughtless either of their comfort or the mission on which they go. This much might have been left to individual effort, and all the organization that will be needed will be police enough to let them pass through streets which will be packed by the enthusiastic thousands who will cheer them to the echo as they embark on an Imperial mission. What we need to look most carefully after in this moment of enthusiasm is the home-coming, and the idea that was presented at the meeting on Tuesday of an insurance which will mean a thousand dollars beyond any other insurance or pay or pension, seems to me best to fit the situation. The argument that single men only are being sent is an idle one, for men will go who are not single, and no man can go who is worth a place in a regiment who has not some responsibility to some other person. There is always a sweetheart, a sister, a mother, an old father, or somebody else, and instead of giving canned fruit or pies or plasters to the boys who go out to the war, we as citizens can best make tolerable the daily toil and nightly vigils of our lads by the assurance that if they die or are incapacitated in the war, the somebody that they love best will get something to live upon. Those who do not go escape easily if they have but to provide this; and while we may look after our contingent as we would look after our family, it is to be hoped that the Government will look after the whole outfit in the same spirit. Each city can look after its own as a matter of special care; the Government must look after all as a general care.

Of course give our boys a good send-off; as individuals we will do this. As care is to be taken that no one is accepted who leaves a heavy domestic care behind him, we may be free from the fear that someone will temporarily suffer, but if it is found that anyone does require assistance it certainly shall not be denied them. But as fear of accident or death may sometimes make fearful the patriotic heart, let us provide the insurance that is necessary, and it will not be a heavy burden. No matter what it is, let it be done, and let it be done in such a manner that a certain time limit shall include in our care those who may die after or suffer from the effects of the campaign. The city can afford to be generous, while it would be very unwise to expend money in ephemeral projects from which the soldiers can reap nothing but indignation and the reputation of having been too well cared for by their friends. In a war everyone must be fed and treated alike. We can trust the British Government to look after all such details. The men who go from Toronto certainly can afford to trust us as the guardians of those they leave behind. This seems to me to be all that is in it.

The Newspaper Club.

How Did You Make Your First \$100?

It took Phillips Thompson some time.

A long time ago—so far in the dim distance that it seems like a previous incarnation—I found myself twenty-two years of age with no other capital than my certificate as an attorney, and a certain capacity for stringing words together on paper. I soon discovered that the first was not a realizable asset; the second I was kindly permitted to cultivate on the St. Catharines Post, of which I took charge during the editor's absence for some weeks. There was no money in it—not even an honorarium—but I had a chance to ventilate my ideas in the editorial columns. Naturally they were unpopular and the subscription list suffered accordingly. While I was thus gaining my first practical experience in journalism the Fenian Raid of 1866 broke out. The Montreal Herald wired for special correspondence. I jumped at the chance, sent along everything I

could glean in the way of fact or fiction about the doings at the front, and when the trouble was over drew \$25 for my services. I could just as easily have got \$50 if I had nerve enough to ask for it. Shortly after I went to Montreal as delegate to a Sunday School Teachers' Convention—(yes, it must surely have been a previous incarnation!)—and looked about for a chance on a newspaper. I got it, was engaged to sub-edit a new daily paper started by a Presbyterian clergyman who thought he discerned a long-felt want. I was to have \$8 per week, which I drew with some difficulty—for about a month, when the concern went the usual way of such enterprises. I tramped the streets a while looking for an opening, and got work in the Registry Office copying documents into the books. Most of them were in French and so exuberantly written that it was sometimes impossible to decipher them, in which case I simply made the best *fac-simile* I could of the hen-tracks and let it go at that. I have often thought what a wealth of material for complicated law-suits must have accumulated in the registers during this period. I also did some canvassing for insurance, copying for lawyers, etc., during my sojourn in Montreal, and after some months returned with a little money in my pocket to take a position—with salary this time—on the St. Catharines Post. It died shortly afterwards, but I was now fairly launched on the sea of journalism. Now I've answered your question, I wish you could tell me how I'm going to make my next \$100, which is a much more pertinent and pressing one.

If the question were how I secured the first hundred dollars that I saved up and got together in one lump, I should answer that I made it as part owner of a country newspaper, which, as the profession will bear me out in saying, is an achievement of which one may reasonably be proud. But I made hundreds before that and unmade them, too, quite as rapidly, as a compositor. I was faster at "dissing" than setting. It is quite certain that I can never be a rich man, because I started badly. It is a well known fact that nearly all modern millionaires started as farm-boys or clerks in corner grocery stores at three dollars a month and board, out of which income in the course of three or four years they bought books and educated themselves and saved each the sum of one hundred dollars. I should have done something like that. It is the only foundation on which a fortune can be laid. Having one hundred dollars, I should have rented a threshing-machine and worked around among the farmers, thus converting my hundred into three hundred and eighty-nine dollars; this sum I should have loaned at 20 per cent. to somebody and seized his goods and chattels at the end of the year. After that it would have been easy.

This question, addressed to a man who is buying a piano on the instalment scheme, is extremely flattering. I have never had that much money in my pocket at one time since I quit teaching school. It represented six weeks' salary, and it was fully mortgaged before I got it. I made a hundred dollars once at the Woodbine, and I held it for exactly an hour and a half. It dribbled out in the next three races, and I never realized that I had won that much until I was running the races over again with some jolly companions the same night. Once again I had a hundred dollars, but it was in a dream, and I woke up before I had a chance to spend it. Occasionally I see hundred dollar checks, but they are not mine. A short-story writer comes in and shows them to me, and allows me to finger them for one delicious moment. If the editor would ask how to keep the other fellows from getting our hundred dollars, the collection of opinions might be valuable to newspaper men.

Social and Personal.

MISS MOWAT will hold her first reception this season at Government House, on next Thursday afternoon.

The annual meeting of the Hillcrest Convalescent Home takes place next Saturday afternoon, and the public are welcome to attend the meeting, inspect the Home, and enjoy the after-hospitality of the Board of Management.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour have settled for the season at 187 Huron street. Mr. Eddie Cronyn left this week for Rossland.

Most St. George street hostesses will receive on the first Tuesday in November. Mrs. Stewart Houston has recently settled in this smart street, and Mrs. William Lount takes possession of her beautiful home, Kenagwah, next week. Mrs. Merritt has rented her house to welcome new comers. North of Bloor street, the stately homes are fast multiplying. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra are this season among the prominent residents; and when one crosses Bloor street, the day one may expect to find my lady at home jumps down the week, from Tuesday to Friday, Dunedin being, I fancy, the only residence south of the line to prefer the latter day. Many friends have thought about and enquired for two well known ladies whose hospitable home is always well to the fore during the season. Mrs. and Miss Dwight, after their terrible experience on the ill-fated Scotsman, from which the former lady is still a sufferer, are nearer to the hearts of their friends than ever before. Their peril was not to be lightly forgotten. Mrs. Riddell, easily the smartest hostess in her neighborhood, will receive during November. Her beautiful home, with its wealth of flowers and dainty decorations, herself the center of most charming surroundings, is always a notably brilliant spot in what is conceded to be, *par excellence*, Toronto's residential paradise. "There are more pretty women and girls in St. George street," said a knowing old chap of high degree to me one day lately, "than in any other whole section of the city of Toronto."

Invitations are out for the Victoria Club ball on next Friday evening at nine o'clock. Extra efforts are being made to ensure the very happiest time possible for all and sundry. The Club has been hitherto so fortunate that everyone looks forward to a great success for the first dance of the season of '99-00. The lady patronesses are: Miss Mowat, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. V. Armstrong, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. William Ince, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Robert Myle, Mrs. George McMurich, Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. Harton Walker. Mr. H. I. Minty is honorary secretary.

Mrs. Emile Boeckh of Prince Arthur avenue gives a farewell party at her residence this evening in honor of her nephew, Dr. Charles Wagner, who is going to Germany for further study of medicine, and Miss Emily Heintzman, who leaves shortly for New York to continue her musical studies. About thirty young people will enjoy a game of cards and an informal dance at the home of Mrs. Boeckh.

The dance at the R.M. College, Kingston, on Thursday evening was, as usual, a gala night for the young set.

Mrs. E. W. Trent held her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday at her home, 32 Bismarck avenue. Miss Annie Elliott, sister of the bride, assisted her in receiving. Mrs. Trent receives during the season on Mondays.

The agitation for couvenir match-boxes, luxuries and comforts for the toilet and the sick room, and a general hearty *bon voyage* and *au revoir a bientot!* to our soldier laddies selected for service in the Transvaal, recalls to some of us the like excitement some fourteen and a half years ago, when huge gatherings of ladies assembled to send good things to our boys in the far North-West, and the making of mosquito-masks and selection of canned goodies was the order of the hour. Then the gifts followed the boys, but now it is hoped they may go with them, and be enjoyed without delay or not at all, as was the case with many a hamper in the rebellion of 1865. The number going is but few compared with the exodus of the former occasion, and experience has possibly taught us better what will be grateful to Tommy Atkins and his officers. No one will grudge them all every comfort their friends choose to provide.

The Countess of Aberdeen is visiting Canadian cities this week and being welcomed and entertained by her faithful

friends and followers in fine style. The meeting of the Woman's Council at Hamilton is the *raison d'être* of her short visit, at a season when it must require considerable devotion to the cause to face two ocean trips. Lady Aberdeen retires from the presidency, I hear, and advocates the superior excellence of a native of the country in that exalted position. The office exacts considerable knowledge of procedure, patience, tact, and magnetism, and probably the successor will find her ladyship's shoes rather a loose fit.

Miss Maggie Gooderham of Maplecroft is visiting Miss McKeough of Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. Will McKeough were to have given a house-warming party this week upon entering their new residence in the Maple City, and several Torontonians were to have been guests, but the death of a connection, Mr. Stone, postponed the affair. Mrs. McKeough is a sister of Mrs. Fred Jarvis of Toronto.

At St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, in the presence of a small party of invited guests, Mr. Russell Skeg and Miss Sidley were married. The brother of the bride, Rev. Lawrence Skeg, formerly assistant minister of St. Peter's church, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Wallace, performed the ceremony, which was fully choral. Dr. Ham presiding at the organ and the surplised choristers preceding the bride's procession to the altar. Dr. Ham, who has for some time directed the bride's musical studies, composed a very beautiful voluntary for her nuptial ceremony. The bride was led to the altar by a relative, Rev. Mr. C. J. James. Mr. Folingsby's health not being strong enough to allow him to attend the ceremony. The chancel was embowered in green, palms and ferns being used, and huge bouquets of chrysanthemums, tied with floating ribbons, marked the seats set aside for guests. Punctually to the moment the bridal procession entered, led by a stunning bridesmaid, Miss Olive Bradshaw, in white silk, and black velvet picture hat with white ostrich plumes, and a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Little Miss James was a small flower maiden, with a basket of white roses and a dainty little white frock and Greenway bonnet. Messrs. Baker and Harvey Skeg were ushers, and the best man was Mr. H. G. Williams of Buffalo. The bride's gown was of rich white satin with long square train and *berthe* of fine lace, *guimpe* of chiffon, and large spray of orange blossoms. A *tulle* veil rested softly on her abundant dark hair and half shrouded her happy and handsome features. She carried no bouquet, instead holding a small prayer-book. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr. Folingsby's residence in Spadina road, when the house was filled with congratulating friends, mostly relatives and connections of the bride and groom. Mrs. Folingsby was a perfect hostess in a black velvet gown with yoke of white satin, and a tiny black bonnet on her snowy hair. Mrs. Skeg of Port Dover, mother of the groom, wore black *gros grain*, with white satin yoke *appliqued* with embroidery. Mrs. Williams, sister of the groom, wore a handsome frock of pink organdie over silk, and large picture hat. Mrs. James wore black, with deep rose pink *guimpe*, and hat to correspond. Mrs. Tisdale (*nee* Waters) of Orillia was in stone grey, with ostrich boa and pretty bonnet. Mr. Lawrence Skeg, father of the groom, and Mr. Harvey Skeg, a younger brother, completed a very handsome family party. Mrs. and Miss Buckwell of Port Dover, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Graham of the Junction, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Dr. and Mrs. Ham, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Henwood, Mrs. A. McL. Macdonell, were among the guests. Mr. Graham proposed the health of the bride and of his old *confere* in the bank, Mr. Skeg. A beautiful buffet loaded with dainties and a room full of lovely gifts divided the attention of the company after congratulations had been offered. Mr. and Mrs. Skeg left for their honeymoon on the afternoon train, and will reside in the Province of Quebec, where Mr. Skeg is manager of a bank.

Mrs. Boulton of Iver House, St. Alban's street, will receive in future on Tuesdays instead of Fridays.

Mrs. Huntingford held her post-nuptial reception yesterday afternoon at her residence in Crawford street.

Mrs. Wilson B. Mills (*nee* Bastedo) will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday, October 26 and 27, afternoon and evening, at her residence, 408 Sackville street, after which she will be at home first and third Wednesdays.

Mrs. James Turner Scott will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and Friday, October 26 and 27, at 620 Bathurst street, and will be at home every Friday following.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blight have rented their house and are at 142 Bloor street east for the winter.

The engagement of Mr. Jack Hedley, now in British Columbia, and Miss Phoebe Baldwin, is announced.

Still do the brides and the bridal fineries, with the aftermath of receptions in charming new homes, or under the wing of *pater* and *mater* in the childhood home of bride or groom, occupy the empty hours of the dull autumn social season. In every quarter of the city new names are inscribed in visiting-lists, new neighborhoods take on interest and new mistresses tell of the atrocities of new maids. Wiser matrons sympathize and encourage the distracted housekeeper, who confronts for the first time problems hitherto solved by mamma's superior knowledge and experience, and when they leave the bride, laugh quietly over her difficulties. They remember their own first plunge into the servant question, and know every step of the *via dolorosa* which the bride must travel before reaching the heights of peace and quietness in domestic routine.

A bride surrounded by loving and welcoming new relatives is Mrs. W. Mulock Boulton, who received this week on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons in the handsome drawing-rooms of Iver House, assisted by her mother-in-law, Mrs. W. Boulton, and the two daughters of the house. Rosy pink was the color scheme of the pretty tea-table, and cordial welcome was given by the mistress of the house, who was full of pride in her sweet new daughter, and, as always, a gracious and charming hostess to her daughter's friends. Those who ventured out in the rain-storm to greet this new member of the smart set were well repaid by the bright comfort of the hospitable home and the pleasure of meeting the young bride.

Mrs. Edwin E. Anderson (*nee* Hughes) will receive at her pretty little home, 33 Bernard avenue, the first Friday in November.

Mrs. Walter Powell (*nee* Houck) will hold her post-nuptial receptions next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at 25 Quebec avenue, Toronto Junction.

Dr. and Mrs. William Cecil Trotter are now settled in their new home, 412 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Trotter will still receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mrs. Robert McClain will be in Toronto for the winter, and will receive, as usual, on Mondays at her residence, 583 Church street.

Mrs. Frederick Dallas will receive on October 26 at her home, 182 Major street, and afterwards on the first Thursday of each month.

Mrs. Postlethwaite, Wellington place, will receive on the first and last Thursdays in each month during the winter.

Despite the raging of the elements on Tuesday evening last, West Association Hall was well filled by an audience who evidently considered the attractive programme offered by the Ladies' Auxiliary worth the possibility of a wetting. Miss Jessie Alexander's contributions to the programme proved as highly successful as at her own annual recital of last week. It is the deep earnestness of Miss Alexander's work which enables her to reach and play upon the heart-strings of her listeners. This was especially noticeable during the fine rendering she gave of Ian MacLaren's *Through the Flood*. To offset this heavy number was the uproarious humor of *The Wee Wee Table*, the audience entering fully into the spirit of the piece and receiving it with uncontrollable mirth. Mrs. McIvor Craig was the vocalist of the evening and made a decided conquest of her hearers. Two of her numbers were Scotch, in which she is especially successful, *Cam Ye by Athole* being most artistically rendered. Mr. Paul Hahn played two cello solos in a very finished manner. At the conclusion of the programme, by request Miss Jessie Alexander gave *The Queen's Jubilee* and roused considerable patriotic enthusiasm by her introduction of some lines from William W. Campbell's poem on the Empire.

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Notes from the Capital.



A CITY street car
toward six
o'clock on a
rainy afternoon
is a good field
for the study of human
nature. Various types
are there represented.
I was one of many in a
street car one particu-

larly wet afternoon last week, when two
local militia men in full fighting gear, at
least so it seemed to the inexperienced
eye, got in and began to talk in rather
loud tones of the Boer war. They had been
in a firing competition and had come out
on top, and they were full of enthusiasm.
To make matters more interesting, who
should come in then but his Right Honor-
able self, Sir Wilfrid Laurier! Sir Wilfrid's
democratic principles will not allow of his
riding in aught else but a tram, so, unlike
other Prime Ministers, he eschews cabs.
He wore a brown overcoat and a high silk
hat—not rainy day clothes. The corner
at which he got in and a transfer in his
hand suggested a conference with His
Excellency the Governor-General. What
a chance for the soldiers! The Premier
moving up the car dropped into a seat
beside them. He buried himself behind
his paper, but it was no use. "Glad to
see you are going to send a Canadian
contingent to fight the Boers," said one of
the soldiers. "Yes," said Sir Wilfrid,
"we are going to send one," and with a
flicker of the sunny smile he disappeared
behind the *Free Press*. "Sorry, sir, you
can't send artillery," and as Sir Wilfrid
looked up to murmur he was sorry, a
regular bombardment of questions began,
till the Premier in self-defence was obliged
to evacuate his seat and move to the
opposite corner of the car. The militia
men were most respectful, but they were
intensely interested in the war news and
they wanted to get the latest from head-
quarters, and at the same time offer a little
judicious advice. They took the necessary
snub, however, in a manly way, and be-
gan discussing each other's boots. It is
not altogether safe for great men to go
about unprotected.

Chicago was good to the Premier and
Lady Laurier, but it nearly killed them
with kindness in the way of banquets and
dinners. Another day of it would surely
have confirmed them in dyspepsia. They
have only nice things to say of Chicago
and its people. Lady Laurier spent a few
days in Montreal after assisting at the
opening of the Federal Building, and this
week she and the Premier went back to
Montreal for the opera. There was great
disappointment when it was finally de-
cided that Graa would not bring his great
artists here. But a number of people are
going to the opera as Mahomet did to the
mountain.

Hon. A. G. Blair and family have a box
for two nights and other prominent Ot-
tawa people have taken seats. Mrs.
Hutton and her niece, Miss Granville,
were down for three days this week, and
they, too, went for the opera. However,
those who stayed at home were consoled
by the French Opera Company which has
been at the Russell Theater this week.
The company is a hundred and fifty strong,
and the soloists, though not Calve, Sem-
brich, Plancon, nor de Reszke, are all first-
class artists.

His Excellency the Governor-General
was among the celebrities from the Capital
who patronized the Graa Company in
Montreal. During his stay he was the
guest of Mr. Clouston.

Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Ablegate, is an
interesting personage in town this week.
He has been a guest at the Palace. It is
currently reported that Mgr. Falconio is
anxious to reside in Ottawa but is unable
to find a house suitable to his state. How-
ever, the search has not been abandoned and
Roman Catholics hope that one will be
found. Otherwise the Ablegate will take
a house in Montreal. He is a man of
about fifty, or fifty-five, and he looks not
more than thirty-five. His hair is un-
streaked with silver, and his face is un-
marked by time. He does not strike
one as possessing the diplomatic
powers of Mgr. Merry del Val, nor is
he of so pleasing an exterior, but he looks
a thoroughly good man, and one with a
very fair share of common sense. He has
a kindly face, which lights up wonderfully
when he smiles. He speaks English
better than he speaks French, but he
speaks it with a strong German accent.
His Excellency, which I believe is the
correct manner of addressing him, wears
a soutane exactly similar in cut to the one
the Pope wears in all the pictures we see of
him. It is of a light grey color, with a
short cape embroidered in gold. He has
been visiting the schools this week, and
has been tendered numerous receptions.
On Tuesday evening Mgr. Falconio was
"At Home" at the Palace, and the lead-
ing Catholics, as well as many Protest-
ants, called to pay their respects.

AMARYLLIS.

Social and Personal.

M R. HENRY LAMONT, one of the
visitors to America to witness the
cup yacht races, spent a few days in
Toronto and was entertained at
a pretty dinner on Monday even-
ing at the New Coleman. Mr. Lamont is
a member of the Dunfrieshire Hunt Club,
and was charmed with the Toronto Hunt
Club-house, which was visited by him on
Monday afternoon in the course of a
bicycle jaunt into the country.

On next Tuesday evening a dinner will
be given at the Temple Cafe at which Mr.
Gilbert Parker will be the guest of honor.
Mr. George Herbert Thring, secretary of
the Incorporated B. S. of Authors, will
also attend the dinner, and the Minister
of Education will preside. The affair is
under the auspices of the Canadian Society
of Authors, and a number of well known
guests are taking an interest in its success.

Who is going? is the question agitating
many minds just now, before the selection
has been made known of our military

friends to embark on the Sardinian for
the Transvaal. Many are willing and
judging by the names of the volunteers,
there will be no difficulty about the
doctor. Such strapping chaps as have
volunteered from the 48th and such smart
soldiers and officers from all three regiments,
will give Oom Paul a shiver before
long.

A great many people went out of town
for the holiday, and some remain until
next week, the railroads being very com-
plaisant about the extended tickets.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Mac-
kenzie of Benvenuto gave a tea in honor
of her guest, Mrs. Peterson.

Many Toronto friends will remember
Miss Mallory, who spent some time here
as the guest of Mrs. G. Allen Case, and re-
cently married Mr. Harahan, vice-presi-
dent of the Illinois Railway. Mr. and Mrs.
Harahan visited Toronto this week, travel-
ing en prince in a sumptuous private car,
in which they gave a splendid dinner party
on Monday evening. Mrs. Harahan has
had her portrait painted most successfully
by that clever artist, Mademoiselle Van
den Broeck.

Mr. and Mrs. Suydam are at Mrs.
Meade's, Bloor street west. Mrs. Suydam
is welcome back after a long absence from
Toronto.

Mrs. James Burnham has gone to King-
ston to join her husband, who is taking a
course at the R.M.C.

Mrs. Murray and her daughter, Miss
Rose Murray, the pretty prima donna from
Winnipeg, are en pension in Pembroke
street. Miss Murray was, two years ago,
soprano soloist in Sherbourne street
Methodist church, and has since been
most successful in opera in the Prairie
City.

Mrs. Arthur Robertson of Victoria, B.C.,
is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alexander
Nairn, of Kelvinside.

Mrs. Charles Beatty gave a tea on Wed-
nesday to a number of ladies at her resi-
dence, St. George street.

Welcome home is cordially given to Mrs.
Irving Cameron and her clever daughter,
who have just returned from abroad.

Mr. Ramsden, who has been for some
weeks a guest at Llawhaden, has returned
home.

The students of the Ontario Medical
College for Women spent Thursday even-
ing of last week at the residence of their
dean, Dr. Nevitt, 170 Jarvis street. Mrs.
Oates of Athens, Ga., and Miss Mamie
and Master Reginald Oates, have spent a
couple of months with Dr. and Mrs.
Nevitt. Miss Nevitt gave a tea last
Friday afternoon. The ladies of St.
Hilda's College were conspicuous amongst
the guests.

The Gooderham party, after a fort-
night's stay in New York to see a race
which failed to materialize, returned
home on Sunday. On Monday the first

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delighted and look charming. We make them in two standard sizes,
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ordinary styles, but are artistic and natural in effect.

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finish they can buy.
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race was sailed, and its result was never
in the least in doubt. Columbia was
indeed "the gem of the ocean," and a rare
one did she prove herself. Mrs. and Miss
Cawthra returned from New York on
Monday. Miss Aileen Gooderham will
assist her pretty bride-friend, Mrs. W. H.
Gooderham, at her post-nuptial receptions
in her home in Beverley street very
shortly.

The committee in connection with the
Home for Incurable Children have great
pleasure in announcing that this much-
needed charity is to be begun at once. A
most desirable house has been secured at
138 Avenue road, and donations of furni-
ture may be sent there at any time. Con-
tributions of bedding, linen, etc., etc.,
may be sent to the residence of Mrs. G.
A. Cox, 439 Sherbourne street. Gifts of
money will be most acceptable, and may
be sent to the treasurer, Miss M. Buchan,
165 Bloor street east. The committee
consists of the following ladies: Mrs. C.
S. Gzowski, president; Mrs. H. Hough,
vice-president; Miss M. Buchan, treas-
urer; Mrs. R. A. Donald, secretary;
Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. H. S. Mara, Mrs. C.
Nelson, Mrs. Sanford Alley, Mrs. G. A.
Cox, Mrs. W. G. Cassels, Mrs. Gundy,
Mrs. C. Heron, Mrs. W. M. Merritt, Mrs.
Elmore Harris, Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Mrs.
J. R. Dundas, Mrs. R. Kilgour, Mrs. Wil-
liamson, Mrs. E. Snider, Mrs. G. S. Ryer-
son, Mrs. James Price, Mrs. Fred Stewart,
Mrs. R. R. Baldwin, Mrs. William Bal-
win, Mrs. J. L. Davidson, Mrs. John Kay
and Mrs. W. D. Matthews.

Premier and Mrs. Hardy will reside for
the season in St. Alban's street, having
leased Mrs. Mandeville Merritt's resi-
dence, No. 80.

Miss Bessie Hees is going to Detroit
next week on a visit to her sister-in-law,
Mrs. Will Hees.

Miss Lillie Brown of Hamilton is visit-
ing Mrs. Macdonnell at Carlton Lodge.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave a tea at the
Golf Club to some thirty or forty guests,
on the occasion of Miss Marion Wilkie's
reception of Mrs. Beatty's prize, which the
former lady cleverly won. The tea and
presentation took place on Monday,
one of the most delightful days of the
month.

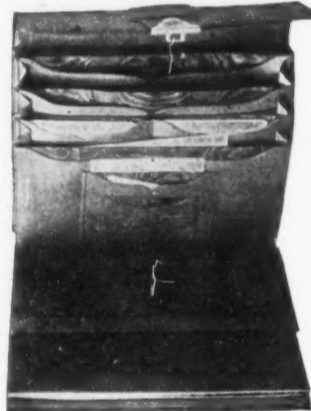
Mrs. Graham of Chattanooga, who has
been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Le
Grand Reed, leaves for home on Monday.
Mrs. Reed will accompany her and, I
hear, will be absent for a month.

Mrs. Krell's departure was postponed
by a cable despatch. Miss Thomson
deferred her journey to America for a
week.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis has taken the
residence recently occupied by Mrs.
Leverich, on the corner of Gerrard and
Sherbourne streets, and has removed re-
cently from Chatham to Toronto to reside.

The... Writing Folio

IS...
Very Attractive
...and Useful
AND IS QUITE
An Acceptable Addition
TO THE
Writing Table
OR TO
The Traveling Outfit



We have a
Most Interesting Display
of Fine Leather Goods

Novelties in Ink Bottles
IN UNIQUE DESIGNS.

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LEATHER GOODS CO.
LIMITED
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Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free

FOR THE Teeth

BRUSHES.....
A good tooth-brush cannot be had
everywhere for 25c. We supply a
reliable one for this money—hard,
medium or soft bristles, flat, concave
or convex shapes.

FRAGRANT TOOTH WASH
Recommended and prescribed by
the Faculty of the Royal College of
Dental Surgeons as the best pre-
servative and antiseptic.

VEGETABLE DENTIFRICE
as a tooth whitener and breath
sweetener has no equal.

The HOOPER CO., Limited
Chemists and Druggists
43 & 45 King St. West

Manicuring and Chiropody
Best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments \$10
each.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails
treated by an expert chiropodist.
E. A. STACKHOUSE, 100 King St. West
Opp. Rossin House, Toronto. Telephone 1899

Owing to the very sad carriage accident
which resulted in the death of Mrs. Jarvis'
father, Mr. John E. Brooke, in Chatham, a
few weeks ago, Mrs. Jarvis will be in
mourning for some time and the antici-
pated pleasure of her friends in welcoming
her to Toronto social life must unhappily
be postponed.

If
you
want
GENUINE
Italian Maccaroni
ask
for

A. Garofalo's

If
it
is
REAL
French Maccaroni
you
want
ask
for

P. Codou's

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Look More Stylish and Give More
Comfort
than any other corsets extant.
EXQUISITE MODELS—PERFECT FIT
UNEQUALLED DURABILITY



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tour, Gebe and the famous Fit-
easy Corset "Fatisl."
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Roses and Violets

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... ALWAYS LEADS IN...
Hair Goods and Hair Dressing



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carry the largest and best stock of fine and rare
shades of hair. Everything guaranteed as re-
presented. In natural wavy, in any style, our
stock will never come out of wave.
Special treatment for hair falling and all
diseases of the scalp.
Ladies are requested to make appointments
early for the coming social events.

W. T. PEMBER
127-129 and 778 YONGE ST. TELS.—2275, 3553

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... Hair Goods and Hair Dressing



Our styles are worn everywhere. Our stock
is the choicest in Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc., to be
found anywhere. We sell wholesale and re-
tail, and can serve our patrons with finest
quality at lowest prices.
Try our Hair Dressing, Cutting, Singeing,
Shampooing. We treat the scalp and also give
you best advice what to use to benefit your
hair.
Send for illustrated catalogue, free. Address
THE Dorenwend
CO. OF TORONTO
103-105 YONGE STREET.

IN THE GLOW OF THE FLAMES.

I KNEW Harold Vinton Richards pretty well for two years—ever since he had been married, in fact—and considered him a rising fellow in the literary world. He hadn't done anything very great, but his work was distinctly promising, and his name was gradually making itself known. Unluckily he had married the wrong girl. He stayed at home all day working, and quarters are rather close in a New York flat.

But my friend wasn't like some men—he didn't whine and cry; he made the best of it. It was not bad temper. It was jealousy—bitter, mean, incessant jealousy—that grudged him even his literary fame. Lola Richards was one of those little, pale blue-eyed women, with a spiteful tongue and a narrow heart, who have ruined the career of many a sensitive man. She hated to hear her husband's praises sounded in her ears.

One afternoon Lola was scolding Richards because some women, who had happened to call the day before, had gushed, and told her how fortunate she was to be the wife of such a rising genius. Her face was crimson with anger, and her voice was very shrill as she mimicked her callers.

"Dear Mrs. Richards! How proud you must be of your clever husband! He's quite a genius! How I envy you living with the man who can write such exquisite stories!"

Then she stamped her foot, and turned savagely on Richards.

"Clever! Exquisite! A genius! I never saw any genius in your silly tales. Silly and sloppy, I call them. I wish to goodness I'd married Bert Carroll instead of you. At any rate, people wouldn't have praised him up just in order to run me down. I know what they mean. Of course I'm stupid, and brainless, and silly—not good enough for you to wipe your boots on—"

And then Richards did the most sensible thing possible. He walked out of the dining-room and locked himself up in his study. Lola, on seeing the lines of his mouth more firmly set than usual, and guessing nothing of the tempest that surged in his mind, immediately went off into a violent fit of hysterics, and called the sympathetic hired girl to witness that "Mr. Richards was a perfect brute."

Harold's den wasn't much of a "study," merely a smoke begrimed den, furnished with a second-hand bureau, two or three chairs, and some shelves of books. Lola called it "Harold's sulking-room," but I knew that it was the only haven of refuge Richards could find in his own house.

"A man must follow his own fate," Richards said, as he sat down wearily at the bureau, and looked at the sheets of paper littered over his desk. "I'm not the only fool who's found marriage a failure; and, after all, I've got a brain as well as a heart. I'll give myself up to work, and waste no time in morbid self-pity. That's a form of cowardice that leads to the cutting of one's throat; and if I've exhausted the possibilities of marriage I'll be hanged if I've exhausted the possibilities of life."

He smiled grimly, and taking from one of the pigeon-holes a note-book, laid it on his desk, and began to read its contents.

From that day Richards progressed swiftly through the book that was to make his name. This was to be his masterpiece, wherein he would show his best of brain and heart; and, as the weeks rolled on and the novel neared its end, he realized his work was good, and in that knowledge could afford to live, and did live, without love and sympathy.

In truth, he needed every support that work and philosophy could give a man. Lola's conduct grew daily more shrewish and violent, and her tongue less fastidious in its choice of words.

"So you've taken to locking yourself up in your sulking-room," she cried one day, when Richards had perforce been compelled to answer her heavy banging on his study door. "It's a nice thing when a husband comes to lock himself up from his wife! I suppose my society's not good enough for such a clever man as Harold Vinton Richards!"

He saw that she was in one of her proxyisms of rage, and he resolved to control his own feelings.

"I wanted to finish some work," he said calmly, looking at the floor littered with loose sheets of paper. "And this room is hardly fit for a lady's society. You see, I have scarcely a chair that is unoccupied with books."

"Yes, it's a horrid hole," said his wife, curtly; "but you men who write are more like pigs than human beings. Just look at the dust on that desk! It's shameful. And Sarah says you won't let her touch your papers. I'm ashamed of having such a dirty hole in my house; I'll come and dust it myself to-morrow."

At these words Richards lost his philosophical self-control.

"I must ask you not to touch the papers on my desk," he said, hastily. "I allow Sarah to brush and dust everything in the room but my desk, and that I attend to myself."

"Of course, you fly at my throat when I offer to do anything for you," said Lola, angrily, letting her hand fall on the desk and crumpling several of the loose sheets together. "I can't speak to you but what I do wrong. That comes of marrying a genius! You're enough to make any woman want to drown herself!"

"I beg your pardon if I spoke hastily," said Richards, ruefully contemplating the sheets of paper which she was fast crumpling into balls; "but I've nearly finished my book, and these sheets of paper are rather valuable."

Lola threw the balls on the table.

"And this book is to make you famous!" she asked, with bitter contempt. "I suppose, when it's published everyone will come and envy me because I'm the wife of the genius, Harold Vinton Richards."

Her scornful emphasis only brought a smile to Richards' face.

"I don't know about that," he said good-temperedly, "but it's the best work I've done yet. And if it's successful I shall be able to buy you that diamond bangle you said you wanted the other day."

But even the reference to the diamond bangle failed to move Lola.

"How long will it take you to finish it?" she asked slowly, looking down at the untidy desk.

"I hope to finish it by next week," said Richards triumphantly. "I've allowed Lorrimer, the Review man, to see some parts of it, and he's expressed a very favorable opinion and thinks it's bound to be a success."

Lola's eyes narrowed at the corners. "Lorrimer's a fool," she said angrily. "I wonder you swallow all that fat, hulk-like thing tells you. I know I should be ashamed of myself if I were as greedy for a bit of praise as some men I know."

It was one cold afternoon, ten days later, that Richards stood outside the front door of his apartments in the act of inserting his latch-key, smiling at some pleasing reminiscences of his recent talk with his publisher.

Suddenly a wild, terrified cry broke from inside, followed by scream after scream, reiterated with such intensity of anguish that Richards himself caught the infection of terror, and fumbled with trembling hands at the latch-key.

At last he managed to open the door and run into the hall. A fearful sight met his eye. From his study door flew something—an object enveloped in writhing flames; and from it there came piercing, agonized shrieks. As the draught from the open door blew fiercely down the hall the flames leaped higher and higher round their living prey, until Richards' sickened gaze saw nothing but a brilliant ball of fire.

God! it was Lola. Mad with torture, the flaming figure rushed towards him and threw out its arms in agony. He caught it in a tight embrace, and with all his strength hurled himself and the shrieking figure on to the carpeted floor and rolled over and over until at last the flames were beaten out and he knew the fire was conquered.

Three hours later the doctor went softly down into the street. He had used all his skill to bring life back to the disfigured body that now lay motionless on the bed. It was all in vain. Lola's injuries were beyond all help, and she lived only three hours after Richards had carried her upstairs.

Her husband had never left her side, and, though badly burned about the head and face, had scarcely realized his own injuries. As he looked at that cruelly disfigured face, now swathed and hidden in bandages, a rush of tears blinded his eyes, and he knew that all past differences were swept away, and that his wife would live henceforth in his memory only as the woman whom he had once loved with all his heart. Before life flickered out in that suffering body, Lola opened her eyes once and met her husband's gaze fixed with intense pity and love upon her face. To Richards it seemed that she pleaded dumbly for forgiveness; but even as he looked the lids closed again, and in a few moments Lola's spirit had slipped into the great silence.

When all was over Richards stooped and kissed the pale, cold lips. As he bent down the remembrance of some words he had written only that morning came back to him, and he stood for a moment in deep silence.

"Death is the atonement for all injuries; it is the sponge that erases the remembrance of all transgressions."

Later in the evening he went into his study. As he entered the room a shudder ran through his body; he remembered the figure of flame that had leaped into his arms a few hours ago, and his heart was torn at the thought of Lola's sufferings.

As yet it was a mystery how she had caught fire. Presumably she had been warming herself in the study, and her thin grenadine dinner dress had swept too near the flames. A few dull red embers still burned in the grate. He lit the lamp and sat down mechanically to his desk.

"Thank heaven for work!" he said, with a deep sigh. "At least I can forget for a time—"

He opened the deep drawer wherein his pile of manuscripts had lain ready for the printer's hand. One or two omissions could easily be rectified now, and the work would soothe his weary heart and brain. But—the drawer stood empty. Hastily he pulled out its counterpart. No; that, too, held nothing. With feverish hands he rummaged each pigeon-hole, turned everything out of his bureau, sought on the chairs, the tables. The manuscripts had disappeared!

He ran to the fireplace. His eyes fell on some charred ashes in the fender.

FLORENCE SMITH.

Excruciating Pains.

The Victim a Well-Known and Popular Hotel Clerk.

After other Medicines Failed He was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Every Bone Counted in the Battle against Pain.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

There is no more popular hotel clerk in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Peter McDonnell, of the Grand Union Hotel, Alexandria. At the present time Mr. McDonnell is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and a stranger meeting him for the first time could not imagine that a man with the healthy glow and energetic manner of Mr. McDonnell could ever have felt a symptom of disease. There is a story, however, in connection with the splendid degree of health attained by him that is worth telling. It is a well known fact that a few years ago he was the victim of the most excruciating pains of rheumatism.

Knowing these facts a News reporter called on Mr. McDonnell for the purpose of eliciting fuller particulars. Without hesitation he attributed his present sound state of health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I am," said he, "33 years of age, but three years ago

I did not expect to live this long. At that time I was connected with the Commercial here and as part of my duties was to drive the busses to and from the C. A. R. station, I was exposed to all kinds of weather and subjected to the sudden extremes of heat and cold. Along in the early spring I was suddenly attacked with the most terrible pains in my limbs and body. I sought relief in doctors and then in patent medicines, but all to no purpose; nothing seemed to afford relief. For two months I was a helpless invalid, suffering constantly the most excruciating pains. My hands and feet swelled and I was positive the end was approaching. My heart was affected, and, indeed, I was almost in despair, when fortunately a friend of our family recommended the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began using them in May, 1896, and had taken three boxes before I noticed any change, but from that time every dose counted. The blood seemed to thrill through my veins, and by the time I had finished the fifth box every trace of the disease had vanished. Ever since then I have been working hard and frequently long overtime, but have continued in excellent health. Whenever I feel the slightest symptom of the trouble I use the pills for a day or so and soon feel as well as ever. I feel that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lose an opportunity of recommending them to others suffering as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Marriage Did Not Occur.

A NEW YORK lady of great wealth became engaged to an Italian Prince. Everybody said that this was a love match, even if millions were involved. Preparations for the wedding progressed favorably up to a certain point. They stopped suddenly. Tug and pull as the negotiators might, things would not advance. They stuck fast at the Prince's inexorable demand for the full control of his wife's fortune. They discussed the question alone, with their relatives, and with their lawyers. Her trustees in New York cabled their positive refusal to allow any action by which the control of the estate would pass to her husband, for she had called in their assistance to help her satisfy the Prince's demands for her whole fortune. The fiancée became ill when it became certain that the crisis was not to be got over as she hoped it would. The Prince, who had never been angry, but always low-voiced, polite, and considerate, said good-bye with sincere and well chosen expressions of highly aristocratic regret. Then she grew worse, and the watching doctors never left her for weeks. One day the Prince's sister, the Duchess, came into Paris from her country house and called at the lady's home. Mademoiselle was too ill to see anybody. Duchesses are not in the habit of being bailed. She became so persistent that the young woman's aunt came into the drawing-room to receive her.

"It distresses our family," was the gist of her conversation, "that this painful difference should have occurred. It distresses my brother and your niece. It embarrasses all of us. It may even make us ridiculous before the world. My brother will marry your niece without any prenuptial contract. They will marry as people do in your own country. My brother will ask no questions, but the two will go hand-in-hand to the altar."

This was delivered in a cordial tone, but without enthusiasm. The old woman was tender and affectionate. But she had shrewd common sense.

"We are as regretful as you over this sad affair, Madame la Duchesse," was her answer; "and my poor niece is very ill. She is heartbroken. But I am afraid I do not understand the offer you bring from your brother. I thought that a woman's property on her marriage became her husband's by the laws of France. Surely, that would be no different from the question that has already caused us so much trouble."

The Duchess rose from her chair and looked at her contemptuously. "You Americans!" she exclaimed, as if that ought to explain anything. "You know more about the laws of France than I do, and my grand-niece was one of its Kings." She left the room then and the marriage proposition was never revived. To this day the distress that the prospective bride felt is dwelt on whenever her name is mentioned and the affair discussed. She did suffer dreadfully, and it was her heart, not her pride, that was wounded. Her titled lover tried to get complete control of her fortune, and refused to marry her unless she gave it to him. When he could not get it fairly he tried to trick her into it. A countryman who had gone about marrying her in this way would have been an object of loathing to her. But in a foreigner that was different. It even seemed all right, lovable, adorable.

There are 6,000 distinct pieces in a locomotive. There are millions of tea pots used daily to infuse "Salada" Ceylon Tea.

Shrewd Business Men.

Two burglars, after working on a safe all night, acknowledged themselves completely baffled by the new combination, and were gathering up their tools in disgust.

"Say, Bill, I'll tell yer how we kin make something out o' this job."

"Let's hunt up the manufacturer of this safe and sell him our testimonials."—Ohio State Journal.

Some Notable Weddings.

THE more important international weddings of the last five years have had some spectacular distinctiveness, either in the variety of ceremony used or in the romance that led up to the match (says the New York Commercial Advertiser). The marriage of Mrs. Louis Hammersley to Lord Blandford, afterward Duke of Marlborough, in 1888, was the most prosaic of all the recent international matrimonial matches. They were married in the New York City Hall by the mayor, but there was something theatrical in the sensation in society that followed the marriage. The vulgar rush of unbidden guests at the marriage of Miss Martin with the Earl of Craven in Grace church formed a scene that impressed itself indelibly on the memories of spectators. Prompted by an insatiable curiosity, a crowd, made up mainly of women, pushed into the church, and, as the aisles were crowded, climbed over the backs of pews. A similar scene, on a smaller scale, was enacted on the occasion of the marriage of Mrs. Colgate with the late Earl of Strathford in Grace church chancel. The marriage of Consuelo Vanderbilt with the Duke of Marlborough was planned on a scale of magnificence that would do justice to a theatrical spectacle of the first magnitude. The impressiveness of the scene in St. Thomas's church, the lavish floral display, the brilliant throng of guests, the elaborate musical programme, and the precision with which the details of the ceremony were carried out had no precedent in the memories of the local guests present. Undoubtedly the most spectacular of all the recent international marriages was the union of the daughter of a St. Louis brewer with a German count. The bride's father hired a hotel for the accommodation of the wedding guests who went long distances. Nearly a hundred guests came on from Germany with the bridegroom, and the only expenses they incurred in the round trip from Germany to St. Louis were their tips. Even their laundry bills were paid by the bride's father. The spectacular distinctiveness of the marriage, a fortnight ago, of Miss Julia Grant with the Prince Michael Cantacuzene, Count Speransky, lay in the picturesque Greek ceremonial in a room that had been previously blessed, thereby making it, for the occasion, a consecrated Greek church. Rarely has an altar of the Greek church been erected in a private American home, and the right to do it on this occasion could have been obtained only by a person of high station in matters of both church and state in Russia.

A PECULIAR REMEDY.

Something About the New Discovery for Curing Dyspepsia.

(From Mich. Christian Advocate.)

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in a recent letter, writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress at all after eating, and again after long hours sleep well.—Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idaho, Colo."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remarkable remedy, not only because it is a certain cure for all forms of indigestion, but because it seems to act as thoroughly in old chronic cases of Dyspepsia as well as in mild attacks of indigestion or biliousness. A person has dyspepsia simply because the stomach is overworked. All it wants is a harmless vegetable remedy to digest the food and thus give it the much needed rest.

This is the secret of the success of this peculiar remedy. No matter how weak or how much disordered the digestion may be, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not. New life and energy is given not only to the stomach but to every organ and nerve in the body.

A trial of this splendid medicine will convince the most skeptical that Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles can be cured. Send for little book on Stomach, mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. So popular has the remedy become that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can now be obtained at any drug store at 50¢ per package.

Stokers on Ocean Liners.

THE interesting letter which is here published, is written by a Torontonian who approves of the article in SATURDAY NIGHT a fortnight ago, calling attention to the wretched life led by stokers on the big ocean liners. The article in question was written by way of explanation of the atrocious conduct of the stokers on the wrecked Scotsman, pointing out that nothing much can be expected from men who are scorched, starved, and treated like dogs. Our correspondent throws some additional light upon the condition of stokers on the Atlantic liners, and the humane societies that interested themselves in cattle a few years ago are specially requested to look into this whole question as it has been thrust upon the world's attention by the wreck of the Scotsman. The letter is as follows:

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT: Your timely article on the wreck of the Scotsman will, I trust, serve to bring to the notice of the traveling public the condition of the ordinary stoker at sea. Your reference to the upstairs part of the ship where luxury prevails and to the "fireman's hell" is true to life. The writer has witnessed scenes in this same "hell" that he would rather forget, but in the cause of humanity there are grievances which should be remedied. On my journey to the Old Land this summer the regular stokers were on duty and did their work well. In reply to a remark made by one of our party as to the arduous nature of their tasks, one of the stokers said that they

"The Goal of Your Fancy"

May be reached if you will but give

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

ONE SINGLE TRIAL. IT'S THE VERY BEST.
Lead Packets Only. All Grocers. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.

would not mind the work if they were only properly fed.

On the home journey the ship was in the hands of the "pick-ups" engaged to take the places of the striking stokers. These men were several grades lower than the regular stokers, but they were men of the same human family and should have been treated as men, not as beasts. One on board who knew the ins and outs of a cattle ship said: "The cattle are treated as first-rate passengers and properly cared for, but the men are treated as third-rate beasts." On the home journey I saw one of these men coming up the ladder from his duties in the "hell" below with one of his arms blistered and bleeding and he fairly staggering from weakness. These things were not all served at once, but constitute the whole range of the larder. Except the sea biscuits and bread, which were good enough of their kind, the food was of the worst quality and not sufficient in quantity to support a working body. A moment's thought shows us that what is expended in strength feeding a blazing furnace for four hours should be compensated for with wholesome food. I also saw advantage taken of these new comers because they did not know the ship regulations and the limit to their work. They were made to clean machinery in their off hours when they should have been resting.

In another instance I saw a weak-looking fellow who was seasick—for the stoker on his first voyage is apt to be seasick as well as the magnate in the saloon—kicked down the stairs to work by one slightly his superior in office. No excuse is herein offered for the inhuman actions of the men on the Scotsman, but your plain statement is only too true that these men give back in kind.

The writer noted the men employed in the capacity of stokers, both regular and pick-ups. The regulars seemed faithful servants, and in every case when approached in a kind manner manifested a fair and kindly spirit.

As already stated, the "pick-ups" were of a very low grade, and several upon leaving Liverpool were intoxicated and, according to their own statements, scarcely realized their whereabouts until, a day or two afterwards and some distance out at sea, they found themselves down in the hold shoveling coal. What these men suffered through sea-sickness, roasting and starvation, will, they said, serve them for life. Why members of the human family should act as these men on the Scotsman did, is the question to be considered and a remedy sought. Kicking, poor food and small pay, few words other than curses, is not calculated to ensure that a better class of men will be found ready to do their work. We are dependent upon the stoker when we set sail, for of what avail is the captain with compass and crew without these workers? The whole question demands investigation.

For it's shovel on the coal in the fireman's hell:
Shovel on the coal,
Body and soul,
Shovel on the coal, and make the engines tell!

GOLDEN RULE.

The Puttiffs.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn.

On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Walslow flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorther scents the air,
And the soft Gossams grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstence,
In the province of Lettleside:
That tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Puttiffs abide.

The Puttiffs smile when asked to insure,
And say they will do it to-morrow,
And so they delay from day unto day,
Till death cycles up and takes them away.
And their families beg, steal, or borrow.
—Australasian Budget.

Dangerous Advertising.

The Chilean code of law and morals gives great prominence to veracity in advertising. So we must think, at all events, if we are to believe an apparently authentic story in the New Orleans Times-Democrat:

Some years ago a dealer in New Orleans sent a lot of patent medicines to a United

States agent at Santiago, Chile. Among the stuff was a supply of toothache drops, which were warranted on the bottle to cure the worst case of toothache in ten minutes. Here nobody would take such an assertion seriously, but down there it is different.

The first man who bought a bottle made an immediate application, and then pulled out his watch. When ten minutes had elapsed and the tooth continued to ache, he was furious, and at once had the agent arrested.

The poor fellow was fined one thousand dollars and sentenced to three months in jail. Through the efforts of the United States consul the imprisonment was knocked off, but he had to pay the fine, and it broke up his business. The story is absolutely true, as can be testified to by a dozen people now in the city.

A Lucky Millionaire.

When Menier, the millionaire chocolate king, bought the Island of Anticosti, it was improbable that he had any thought of advertising Chocotat-Menier by his action. But an enterprising press have devoted so much attention to Menier and his supposed doings that he must have received thousands of dollars worth of indirect advertising entirely free. The sale of Chocotat-Menier is already so enormous—over thirty-three million pounds per annum—that it may not appear to need much booming. However, it is always to those that have that much is given.

The Waldorf Spring Bed...

Looking for a spring bed that stands the peer of others your selection will be a Waldorf upholstered spring bed. The real endowment of how good a bed this is in the fact that it is in use all over the world in the bedrooms of the several large hotels of the C. P. R. located between Quebec and the Coast.

The Waldorf bed is in two sizes at —\$13.50 and \$15.00.

OSTERMOOR BEDDING CO.

434 Yonge Street, Toronto

Opposite Carlton Street.

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MORE CARGOES

By W. W. JACOBS

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A PERFECT STRANGER.

Queer story from London Truth.

THE ordinary manly possessions were scattered about the room. Sticks, fells, and boxing-gloves hung on the walls, together with a set of sporting prints and a couple of photographs of famous beauties. Nothing could be more normal than its aspect; the blazing fire, the drawn curtains, and the two little wiry-haired terriers on the hearth who looked comfortable and homely.

On either side of the fire two men were sitting, their evening coats exchanged for smoking jackets. The faces of both were grave, and the cigar of the one and the pipe of the other were neglected.

Reggie Dunallan and Harry Brett had been close friends all their life long. And now a woman had come between them, and that woman the wife of Reggie Dunallan.

"Old chap, you know I wouldn't injure you for the world," Harry Brett was saying, his face pale and agitated, his eyes yearning for sympathy from his friend. "I've made this infernal muddle by falling in love with your wife. There's nothing for it but for me to go away and leave you in peace. There's a fellow going off to Klondyke; I'll join him."

Sir Reginald Dunallan rose and laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "I see nothing else for you to do," he said, coldly, but not unkindly. "I am willing to make the excuse for you that you did not realize what you were doing when you stole my wife's heart. But you understand me when I say that although I could not keep her heart, I will defend her honor and my own to the last drop of my blood."

"I don't think that you need have any fears for your honor, and Félise is uncommonly well able to take care of herself," answered the other man, bitterly. He was younger and of a slighter build than Reggie Dunallan, singularly handsome, and the blue eyes that had done mischief in their time were now clouded with pain.

Although Harry Brett was madly in love with Lady Dunallan, although she had confessed to him that she returned his devotion, he was nevertheless positive that she was as good as gold, pure as the driven snow. In spite of the fact that he had nothing to hope for from the woman who had enslaved him, he loved her madly, passionately, to the exclusion of friendship, of fidelity, of gratitude; for all these, and more than these, he owed to the husband of Félise Dunallan.

"To-morrow morning I go, old chap," he said at last, passing his hand across his forehead as he spoke. "If anything could make the whole business more desperate it would be the fact that it's your wife."

Reggie Dunallan gave a short laugh. "I don't know that it would be better if it was any other poor devil's," he said, with an effort. "Husbands are proverbially ridiculous objects the world over. It's an old story—'mine own familiar friend.' I'll try and think as kindly as I can of you, old boy, and I do not believe you meant to make this mess of my life." He held out his hand as he spoke. Harry Brett wrung the proffered hand.

"By Jove, you are a good fellow!" he said, almost passionately. "To think that a woman should have cost me your friendship; for you must loathe me, Reggie. Oh, I know how generously you are behaving and all that. But you must just hate the sight of me."

Reggie Dunallan turned his face to the fire and did not answer. The iron had entered his soul, and his heart was too sore, his love and his friendship too utterly done to death, for many words.

"Good-bye, old friend," he said, at last. "Please God we may meet again some day, when we can afford to laugh at this 'tragedy of the sexes.'"

Harry Brett made no answer beyond something very like a sob.

"Mr. Brett, sir."

"All right—the dog-cart, I suppose? I won't be five minutes."

"No, sir, not the dog-cart. Sir Reginald would like to speak to you. Her ladyship is very ill—dying, they think, sir."

"Ill—dying! Lovely, wayward Félise! Harry stood stupidly staring at the servant."

"The maid found her ladyship lying unconscious on the bed. They have been trying to rouse her. Sir Reginald has sent everywhere to try and find a doctor. Shall I tell him you will come to him, sir?"

Dragging on his coat, Harry Brett hurried down the corridor to his friend's room. Reggie Dunallan met him on the threshold, his face deathly pale, and a terrible look of anguish in his eyes.

"The doctor is there—he's with her now, Harry, old boy, I can see he thinks badly of her!"

At this moment the doctor came out of the adjoining room. A look of relief crossed his face at the sight of Harry Brett.

"For God's sake, Dr. Bainbridge, tell me the truth," Sir Reginald said impatiently, as the doctor was going through the usual formula of writing a prescription and giving directions to the lady's maid.

"We must hope, Sir Reginald; we must hope for the best. It is useless to conceal from ourselves the fact that Lady Dunallan is very seriously ill."

"You think she is dying?"

The man of medicine looked at the husband doubtfully for a moment, then turned helplessly to Harry Brett without speaking.

"You think she is dying?" came from the white lips of Reginald Dunallan's friend.

"She is dying," said the doctor, bowing his head.

"My God!" The exclamation burst from the lips of the two men at once, and both made a movement towards the open door. But Reginald Dunallan laid a detaining hand on Harry Brett's shoulder, and, entering the room, shut the door in his face, with a stern, "Not you."

"It's a terrible calamity," said the doctor, in polite platitudes, as Harry turned away, vainly endeavoring to conceal the agony in his face.

"What do you suppose was the cause?" he asked, at last, for the sake of something to say.

"Oh—heart. She was very ill in the spring, and those German waters she went to this autumn did her no good. In fact, I think she was worse after them—so listless, and at the same time so restless. I quite expected this might happen any moment," said the doctor, speaking with perfect freedom to Sir Reginald's friend, who might be sorry, of course, but could not be expected to care.

Harry was thinking of that evening in September when he and Reggie had gone to fetch her at the station on her return from Germany, and how Reggie had driven off triumphantly with her in the brougham, and he, Harry, had stayed behind to look after the maid and see the luggage through the Customs. He remembered now the little thrill that had run through him when they opened a trunk and disclosed the dainty garments within, and how she had laughed, and Reggie had chaffed him about the way he had been treated when he called to see them next day. But all that was long ago, before Reggie had had a suspicion—before that friend (some woman, of course)—had written that miserable anonymous letter hinting at a meeting between Félise and a lover abroad. What a double-distilled fool he had been to go for that one day to Naumburg on his way back from Baden-Baden, and having gone there, to conceal it from Reggie! Well, it didn't much matter now—Félise was dying.

"Will it be long?" he asked, turning to the doctor. He could not imagine a long illness for Félise, with all the ugly anaesthetic paraphernalia of the sick-room.

"Oh, no—a few hours at most."

A few hours, and Félise would no longer be numbered among the living. For a day or two she would lie in her coffin, and then the lovely wild-rose face, with its cloud of dusky curls, the eyes that were like wet violets in the hedges in March, would be shut away out of sight for ever. And Reggie would wear mourning and a hat-band, and Harry Brett would do nothing at all; convention forbade his wearing even a hat-band.

The bedroom door opened, and Sir Reginald's voice calling the doctor was heard. Simultaneously the two men moved towards the door; this time Sir Reginald either did not see or did not care to dispute the entrance of Harry Brett. They stood by the bed—the husband and the lover side by side.

Lady Dunallan was dying fast. The purple eyelids, the swollen lips, the twitching hands testified to the fact. For a moment the heavy lids unclosed, and a word, a name, came sobbing from the parted lips. Sir Reginald, holding the ever-moving hands in his, knelt by her side.

Compensation.



Emily Maud—Well, I mayn't be 'an'some, but I *am* good. —Punch.

"What did you say, my darling?" he murmured brokenly.

Again that almost inarticulate sound—and with the lost word on her lips, Lady Dunallan died.

"Sir Reginald begs, sir, that, if possible, you will put off going to-day, and remain with him until after the funeral." This from Sir Reginald's valet, in answer to a message from Harry Brett as to what his friend's wishes might be on the subject.

And so the two men remained together, united by a common sorrow, divided by a common antagonism. The reason of their difference was no more, and yet both felt that the mainspring of their friendship was broken forever.

"Thank God, at least old Reggie doesn't want me to clear out at once," Harry Brett muttered to himself as he wandered aimlessly about the grounds, looking up at the house with its shrouded windows, and wishing that he dared enter the darkened room where Lady Dunallan was lying. Sir Reginald, the servants, went and came freely, but he was excluded. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

"Somehow I must manage it. It would never do to wring old Reggie's heart by letting him discover what, after all, was only a bit of nonsense, and really meant nothing. I must get at that locket and take out the photograph before he sees it, if I possibly can." Some months previously Harry Brett had persuaded Lady Dunallan to remove the portrait of her husband from a circle of diamonds she always wore, and to substitute his own. This miniature Harry was determined to recover if possible—anything rather than add one pang to Reggie's suffering.

The silence of night reigned over Dunallan. Through the darkness came Harry Brett, feeling his way towards the death-chamber, his footsteps deadened by the noise and rumble of a storm which lashed the bare boughs of the beeches and howled round the house. He softly turned the handle of the door, and groping his way towards the bed, knelt by the side of the stiffened corpse, feeling gently for the little gold chain he knew so well. As his hand touched the locket, another hand grasped his own, and the voice of Reggie Dunallan, startled suddenly from the deep sleep of exhaustion into which he had fallen, exclaimed:

"Who's there?"

"Reggie! My God!" The two men confronted each other, glaring helplessly through the darkness.

"Reggie, for God's sake, listen to me! Upon my word, I only wanted to spare you, to save you pain. You know I was a fool. I persuaded her, worried her in-

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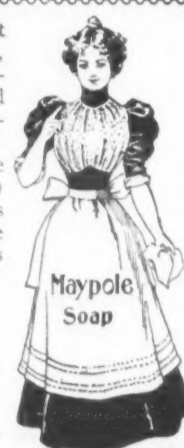
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doing it. She didn't want to."

"Confound you! Say what you have got to say, and have done with it," foamed Sir Reginald.

"I made her take your portrait out of the locket and substitute mine."

"How dared you, you cur?"

"Reggie, listen to me, I implore you."

"Hold your tongue. Let us look at this precious portrait!"

"Reggie!"

But Sir Reginald was detaching the locket from the neck of his dead wife.

An oval thing, sparkling with diamonds, lay in his hand as he turned on the electric light and a flood of brilliancy illuminated the faces of the two men; between them Félise, with a smile of ineffable peace, lay on her bed like a lovely marble flower, the lilies and roses about her head disturbed by the rough hands removing the chain.

Sir Reginald touched a spring and looked at the contents of the locket for a moment.

Then, with a short laugh, he held it out to Harry Brett. The young man's fingers closed nervously over it, but he averted his eyes.

"Look at it, man! Are you ashamed to look yourself in the face?" cried Sir Reginald, scoffingly.

"I am ashamed—bitterly ashamed," muttered Harry Brett. "Reggie, old man, I swear I made her do it."

"Look at the portrait," persisted Sir Reginald, his mouth set in a grim line, his eyes glittering like steel. "Look first, and protest as much as you like afterwards."

Harry Brett opened the locket. His face blanched.

"Who—who is it?" he stammered, hoarsely.

"God knows," said Sir Reginald, drily. "God knows—and Lady Dunallan. So far as I am concerned, he is a perfect stranger."

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JAPANESE CATARRH CURE



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 12 TORONTO, OCT. 21, 1899. [No. 49]

The Drama.

POSSIBLY the Bride Elect, in the hands of the original company, was worthy of the laudations that came to us from the "other side." As produced at the Grand the first part of this week it struck me as being utterly cheap and trashy, both book and music. Coming as it did immediately after The Singing Girl, a genuine sparkling comic opera, with a first-class company, it was as flat as the comedian's notes frequently were on Monday night. The Sousa music, with its blatant brass and its general jingoism, was there—march, march, march, always with a limp in one leg—but one gets tired of marching. However, it is not fair to judge Sousa's effort by the presentation of it here this week. The Bride Elect, it seems to me, should be put on right through with the snap and vim that characterize Sousa's marches, and that is just where the company at the Grand failed. It was plainly a cheap company, and while some of them could sing a little, the crowd at the Grand on Monday night was quite disappointed.

It is agreed on all hands that this week's performance at Shea's Theater in Yonge street is the best yet given in that house, which has already put on so many shows of merit as to attract the best people in the city. People expect a good deal from Shea's. This is due to the fact that the house opened with such attractions in vaudeville as we had never seen here before, and even better things were promised. This week we are getting better things, and it will tax Mr. Shea's powers to supply anything better for the money than he is doing this week with Camille D'Arville, the singer, and Lillie Western in her artistic musical act. Miss D'Arville is one of the high priced artists who ornament the vaudeville stage, and although Miss Western is not so well known, her playing on the xylophone and other musical instruments is so artistic as to be equally gratifying. There are many other specialties of a high order, including Miss Onri's slack wire performance and the Le Vans in acrobatic work.

Idaho is being presented at the Princess Theater this week and recalls the successes that the Cummings Stock Company scored when they first came to town. In addition to the play *Man of the West* Cummings has introduced a special drop curtain before which, between acts, Trooper Crane sings *Soldiers of the Queen* and other patriotic songs suitable to the present state of popular feeling. The innovation has proved quite successful.

McFadden's Row of Flats has been seen at the Toronto Opera House before, and as it is a plotless farce that will stand the introduction of all kinds of new specialties, it is popular. On Monday night the house was crowded to the ceiling. The production rests somewhat on the stories written by Edward W. Townsend for the New York papers, and the "yellow kids" of R. F. Outcault are introduced. These two kids, Alex and George, are personated by Bobby Ralston and W. A. Robinson, two dwarfs, who, from the frequency of their visits, are now well known in Toronto. They have not only appeared before at the local theaters, but once engaged in a burlesque boxing match before the grandstand at the Industrial Exhibition. This week, however, for the first time, Bobby Ralston shows that he has something to recommend him beyond his figure and his undeniable beauty. He can sing, dance, and act the part of a comic song and dance man with grotesque effect. He sings one song in fair Irish brogue, and then, dressed as a Highlander, sings in broader Scotch than any member of the Little Watson company was capable of. Henry Watson does some clever trick riding on a bicycle, and four modest chaps do some good work with musical instruments.

A Toronto man met Mr. Dan Godfrey, the bandsman, in St. Thomas about a week ago and asked him how things were going with him. "Bad enough," said Mr. Godfrey. "Just as soon as smoke began to rise over in Africa my men began to fidget, and now thirteen of them have cut

and run. They've gone home to enter service at the front. It's a great nuisance, you know, for these men are hard to replace." The war will no doubt greatly interfere with the business of Godfrey's band, because a British military band cannot successfully appeal to patriotic feeling while engaged in a pleasure jaunt in time of war.

Once last year I expressed the opinion that the Cummings Stock Company at the Princess Theater only succeeded in burlesquing a play which they attempted to present, and a few days later I received an anonymous letter in feminine hand-writing, giving me a severe wiggling. That letter was not published nor referred to, because the public would probably have concluded that it was written by one of the lady members of the company. Last week I censured the company for toying with a play so clearly beyond its abilities as Sardou's *Diplomacy*, and sure enough, along comes another letter, again anonymous, in the same hand-writing, and again wiggling me severely. It is almost lady-like in its manner until it reaches the end, when it leaves me as follows:

Now one word in conclusion.
Shut up. Go to the "Devil" and stay there.
Yours,
B— D.

No address having been furnished me for a private reply, I must in this public manner decline to either shut up or go anywhere permanently at present. The same impossible command was given me last year, in the same imperative and anonymous way, and as to neither go, shut up nor reply seems discourteous, I now say that I think the lady unreasonable. Last year she bade me either speak well of the Cummings Company or shut up—a line of conduct on the part of the press that has hitherto been very satisfactory to the company, but which cannot go on forever. I am inclined to think—so angry is the tone of the letter, so absurd is its praise of one or more members of the company—that it is written by some enemy of the company in the hope of drawing me into attacking the people who are playing at the King street theater. If this is the purpose it will fail, as I recognize the fact that the Princess is doing a great service to the stage in providing at cheap prices a kindergarten where the masses of Toronto people may become acquainted with the rudiments of acting and the drama.

Mr. Frank Leigh's lecture on *The Art Cities of Italy* drew an interested audience to Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week.

Another opportunity to hear Miss Jessie Alexander this fall will be given Torontoans next Monday, Oct. 23, when she will give an evening of readings at Bond street Congregational church, assisted by the Napolitano Orchestra.

Manager Small announces for next week at the Toronto Opera House another attraction that has never been put on here at cheap prices before, in Joe Murphy, the Irish comedian, in *Kerry Gow* and *Sham Rhué*. This is Joe Murphy's twenty-eighth annual tour, and wherever he goes he is still among the most welcome of actors. There are no plays of Irish life better than the great pair presented by Mr. Murphy—*Kerry Gow* with its blacksmith's forge and its race scene, and *Sham Rhué*, in which Mr. Murphy appears in two characters and sings his song, *A Handful of Earth*. The sale of seats has already begun.

The English Cricketers.

THERE was considerable disappointment in Toronto last week when it was learned that Prince Ranjitsinhji was unable, owing to an attack of bronchitis, to come to Toronto with his cricket eleven that played here on Thursday and Friday, October 12 and 13. The Parsee Prince occupies a conspicuous place in cricket, and much interest attaches to him among cricketers because of his history and nationality. It was generally regretted that he did not contract his case of bronchitis here, where the material is as good as anything that Philadelphia can offer. But it was not to be, and so we missed him. There were other causes of disappointment. A. C. McLaren was bowled by H. B. McGivern when he had scored a paltry 14, and while this pleased the numerous friends of the Canadian captain, it put out of the game the one batter who, after the Prince, all the local players were most particularly anxious to see perform. Mr. Stoddard was another disappointment, for although he made quite a score he played a very cautious, almost a timid game. Mr. Townsend proved to be an astonishingly long, rangy youth, and he was disposed of for 28 runs. It remained for Mr. Jessop to put into the innings of the Englishmen the only ginger that it contained, for he hit freely and hard, making 66 in short order.

The Englishmen bowled well, each bowler sending along a variety of balls, and the eleven particularly distinguished itself in the field. Of course the eleven is—at home—more of a batting team than anything else, but the bats seemed to doubt the wicket and played with great caution. They made runs and won handsomely, but they gave no special exhibition of their strength.

The Canadians began badly at the bat and in the field, but markedly improved in both regards. They made a very good showing in the field before the Englishmen closed their innings, and in their own second venture battled well. Mr. McGivern of Ottawa, who captained the Canadians, bowled so well as to win the statement from the visitors that he was the best bowler they had met in America. This year I have seen nearly all the best bowlers in the United States, and I think none of them could bowl as Mr. McGivern did on Friday morning. He not only had great control of the ball, but sent down his various twisters with much judgment. At the bat he has never set

up as a first-rater, but this season in the big games he has shown what enterprise will do in any walk of life. In four times to bat in international matches this year he has only been once out for a total of about 125 runs. The explanation of it is that he was always on the aggressive. After Mr. McGivern it was Capt. Logan of Kingston who distinguished himself by batting well in both innings—in the second making 43. Mr. Counsell in his second venture hit up nearly the same number.

It is understood that the enterprising persons who brought the English cricketers here cleared themselves, owing to the subscriptions made and the gate receipts. A greater success would have been scored if Prince Ranjitsinhji had put in an appearance.

One of the best features of the visit was the excellent dinner given to the two teams by the Toronto Club. A very pleasant evening was spent, and a pretty idea was worked out in the table decorations, the center of the table being fitted out as a cricket pitch—turf, wickets and all. It was a neat stroke.

Will Willie Go To The War?

His courage we won't ridicule,
But if I learned my book at school
And know the fundamental rule

Of sum and table
Our Willie won't go forth to war,
'Cause two times two is only four.
If Plato tries to make it more
He isn't able.

Near forty thousand is our force,
Near forty thousand foot and horse,
And every one's a Master, of course,
Though some need drilling.

Of these one thousand will be sent,
A thousand all the Horse Guards meant—
And yet you say "If Willie went
It would be thrilling."

But Willie isn't apt to go;
In fact he stands a slender show;
I'll tell you, since you want to know,
He won't stand any.

In all that husky, fighting crew
What chance have I or what have you,
What chance has Willie to get through
Among so many?

Subtract the luckless married men;
Subtract the cavalry; again
Subtract the artillery and then
What have you left last time?

His chances are just twice as much
To point a gun against the Dutch
And pot the Kaffirs, Boers and such.
A noble pastime!

But Willie has a nasty corn,
His off-side lung is somewhat worn,
He caught a cold one April morn.
When such things bourn;

He can't see through a window pane,
And Willie's liver is his bane.
Methinks that Willie's hopes are vain
To pass the surgeon!

So sister, sweetheart, mother dear,
Wipe away that glistening tear,
That he'll be chosen never fear!
Of me there's plenty!

And pray suppress that rising sigh,
And kindly wink the other eye;
If little Willie gets a try
It's one in twenty!

FRANKLIN GADSBY.

A Sketch of Oom Paul.

THERE seems to be sufficient authority for believing that the person about whom Mr. Kipling says things in the poem in the current number of *McClure's Magazine* is Oom Paul Kruger, of the Transvaal. Mr. Kipling speaks, as usual, with a sense of complete conviction, and if it is really Oom Paul whom he has in mind, his views about him must be very decided. Oom Paul is a man of method and follows a daily programme, from which he never deviates, unless he is away from home. He gets up at half-past five, goes to his library, drinks several cups of intensely black coffee, and smokes several pipes of strong Boer tobacco. Then he spends nearly an hour in reading the Bible and in family worship. He has breakfast at half-past seven. After breakfast he receives the members of the Volksraad and does business with them, getting through the heaviest work of the day. When they have gone, he steps out on his piazza and talks politics with his fellow citizens, to whom he furnishes tobacco and coffee. At ten he goes in the state carriage to the Government House, a few blocks away, and stays there two hours, directing the affairs of state and seeing that things are properly done. At noon he comes home to luncheon, but is back at the Government House at two, and stays till five. From then until seven he receives the burghers at his house, and at eight he goes to bed.

"Suffer not an old king," cries Mr. Kipling, "for we know the breed." The old kings were masters of their job, and Oom Paul certainly is master of his. He governs his people, but masterful as he is, they seem to like his rule. His biographer says that his hold on them is strengthened and maintained by his habit of talking politics with the burghers daily on his front stoop. It is not surprising that he should deal successfully with his own. What is astonishing is that this formidable old relic should be in a position to make Lombard street suspend business while it tries to guess his weight. He seems to be exceedingly solid. A mind like his, backed by the capacity for coffee and tobacco with which his biographer credits him, is a serious quantity to deal with.



Truth and a Fable.

By Arthur Maquarie, in the St. James's Budget.

"NONSENSE, my dear," said old Grimly. "If you fancy that you are going to drag me all the way across there for the sake of being bored with children's tomfooleries, you are mistaken."

"But, John, you forget that you have your duty to the children. I'm sure it's little enough you attempt in the way of entering into their amusements, and when they have worked so hard to learn their parts, and naturally expect a little interest to be shown, I think it the least you can do to go. Little Susie looks a perfect picture in her red hood and grey country skirt."

"And who is paying for it all, I should like to know? I don't see in the very least why I should be called upon to purchase tawdry theatrical costume that will be of no further possible use, just to let children romp in vanity for a few hours and give their mother an opportunity for boasting. I look upon the whole matter as a wicked waste of money, so you needn't bother me any more about it, my dear. Once and for all, I'm not going."

"But I've already told Mrs. Greenaway that you are going."

"Well, I can't help that. I never said so."

"It never entered my head to think that you could stay away when three of your own children are going to take part in it, and the Greenways have always been so good to us despite that you have never taken any trouble to return their attentions. It is your positive duty to go."

"Now, come! You will kindly keep such remarks to yourself. I am not going to be told my 'positive duty' by you or anyone else."

Big tears welled up into his wife's eyes. But he was not looking in her direction, and even had he seen, he would certainly have fancied her emotion to be the result of pique.

He leant forward and touched the bell.

"Brandy and syphon!" he said, as the maid appeared.

The old gentleman saw the drinkables placed at his side, without moving his eyes from his newspaper, and not until the end of the share-list was reached did he lazily turn to pour himself a stiff night-cap.

"John," said his wife at length, when he replaced the tumbler on the table and sank back once again in his easy chair.

"M?" said Grimly disinterestedly.

"I almost begin to think that you— you care more now—"

"What?"

"I almost think that—you care more for your whisky than you do for me."

Grimly looked round astonished to find her eyes all blurred with tears.

"What the mischief do you mean?" he asked ill-temperedly.

"Only that you used not to be so invariably cross with me. You would have done anything I could ask at one time. And you used to take such a delight in the children, whereas the younger ones can scarcely tell now whether they have a father."

The little woman had at last dared to take the step, and spoke out with the force of utterance which was the restrained energy of long brooding.

"More and more you have become fond of your vile-smelling whisky, until I begin to fear lest you should require to be taken to bed some night, and undressed as a drunkard."

Grimly's voice rose high in indignant rebuke, and a scene followed, during which two maid-servants listened assiduously at the keyhole, while the coachman, gardener and cook constituted an audience at the window; the end being that Grimly, out of deference to tears, promised to take the family to the dramatic evening at The Grange.

The acting had been going on for more than half an hour, and Grimly, having clapped his hands at Susie in her red sun-bonnet, had already indulged in more than one whisky with Greenaway in the card-room. As the evening wore on the dramatic performance gave place to a children's dance, in which the most of the adults gambolled with extra zeal, whirling the little ones round with careless ease. But Grimly remained in the card room with Greenaway and the whisky, employing every story as a pretext for two drinks—one to begin with, and one to finish on.

"As supplied-to-the-House-of-Commons" was in a fine spacious decanter, one intended to bear an unchanged appearance against all ordinary assaults, but even this began to find its spirit falling lower and lower. Grimly, on the contrary, mounted in inverse ratio, until at last, owing to some unknown reason, he rose to go, declaring that the carriage might wait for Mrs. Grimly and the children, and that he was determined to cover the mile on foot.

His intention was, as may be gathered, by no means a half one. But, strange though it may seem, he had hardly wrung his host's hand before a dire repentance rushed upon him, for in the distance he distinctly heard the disconcerting howls of some great animal. Nearer and nearer came the dread sound until it seemed as though it were vibrating against his very heels. Then all at once he heard a snap at his side, and looking down fearfully saw a pleasant-faced old wolf.

"Well, my dear," said the creature suavely, "and where are you going at such a pace?"

"To my grandmother," replied Grimly, as he felt his petticoats spring suddenly up to his knees, and his bonnet-strings tighten around his throat.

"Ah, yes!" said the wolf, blinking out a big tear, "now I recollect. The County Council, of course."

"Exactly," answered Grimly without knowing quite why.

"That is fortunate," said the wolf, "especially fortunate that we can go to-

gether. You know I have my respects to pay in that quarter myself."

"But I don't see why you should," returned Grimly.

"Quite likely," said the wolf, with a sly wink. "Indeed, I've been worse than that myself. I may say, between ourselves, that I have, on occasion, been able to see absolutely nothing. But it's unwise in the ordinary way to speak of our weak moments, and I wish you'd kindly put your hood straight; I assure you it would take away the nerve of a ladies' tailor."

"What of that?" said Grimly.

"What of that?" echoed the wolf.

"And if I am?" asked Grimly with indignation.

"And if you are what?" queried the wolf. "You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself. What will your wife say to it all, I should like to know?"

"What business is that of yours?" demanded Grimly. "And what's more, I'll be hanged if I'll walk in."

"To quite as you please," said the wolf, in a tone of entire disregard. "I'm sure it's no business of mine; only, I think you've had enough for one night, old boy, and the wife will be wanting to take you home directly. By the way, did those Handford's United rise as you expected they would?"

"Don't you trouble about Handford's United," replied Grimly. "What I say is I'll see you damned before I'll lift up your latch. Here, stop that, stop that! What rubbish you are talking, my dear. Why should I pay for all this trumpery rubbish that will never be of any use afterwards?"

Thereupon the door flew suddenly open, and by some strange means he felt his hood-strings tightening like death about his throat. Before he could so much as raise his hands the wolf had sprung from the bed and was upon him, beating him down with a heavy decanter, after which ledgers were piled in three edgeways upon him, until the weight of countless tons pressed immovably upon him.

"John," said a voice, as though not expecting any reply. "Oh how could you, how could you have brought me to this? To think that this is all I have to show for your promises of love! But you did love me once; I know you did. Only you swore to love me—always. And—and—oh John—has it come to this?"

Then Grimly felt his hand being chafed, and pressed, and kissed, and wept on. And in a drunken half-consciousness he took in the fact that she, to whom he had once given the vows of his inmost soul, was now bending in tears over his sotted prostrate form, weeping upon the grave of all her hopes.

For a moment he shuddered; then reaching out his arms he drew his wife down to his embrace, pressing her face upon his tear-wet cheeks, as, with faltering, odored breath, he whispered: "God curse me, but I, darling! Only promise that you forgive me!"

No answer came, but Grimly is at present quite a model husband.

Ave Columbia.

He built a boat to race with thee,
Sir Thomas did—Sir Thomas did;
With petticoats, most carefully,
Her hull was hid—her hull was hid;

He bought a mile or two of sail
To top her up—to top her up;
And said, "With luck, and half a gale,
We'll lift the Cup—we'll lift the Cup."

Twice have ye met by Sandy Hook,
And tried your best—and tried your best;
Twice has the Weather Bureau "Took"
Its little jest—its little jest;

Twice has our faith in certain flags
To zero dropped—to zero dropped.
On reading in the "happenings" rag,
"THE RACE IS STOPPED—THE RACE IS STOPPED!"

Columbia, don't you really think,
Considering—considering
The waste of pence and printer's ink
Such fizzes bring—such fizzes bring.

You and Sir T. had better go
(You wouldn't suffer loss for it)
With this same Cup to some snug show
Where winds work neither wool nor woe,
And toss for it—and toss for it!

—T. W. H. C. in *The Outlook*.

The Stuart and Orleans Pretenders.

IT was a piece of marvelous, almost inexplicable luck which made Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the President of the French Republic, and paved the way for his becoming an Emperor later on. He would have stood little chance had he aimed at once at a crown, but his modest pretensions at the outset disarmed suspicion, and even Orleansists gave him their votes, as to a man who might be useful as a stop-gap till their King returned to claim his own.

The worry for present-day French claimants is that they cannot secure a footing in that beloved country each hopes to rule and guide, and that they are rapidly becoming foreigners, through being compelled to keep their distance. Victor Napoleon and Philippe are also growing older, more uninteresting, less likely to attract those sentimental enthusiasts who can work so hard in a cause; and neither has a bright young son for whom hopes for the future could be entertained.

England's old Pretender, James Stuart, could hardly have kept a cause together so long had not his son, Bonnie Prince Charlie, appeared for a while to be the very youth for a kingship. Our early Georges have sometimes been described as boorish, bad-tempered men, whom a nation must have been blind to accept rather than the handsome, graceful, romantic Stuarts; yet this is what an adherent, writing in 1815, says of James:

"I must not conceal that when we saw the man whom they call our King we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were ten-fold more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigor to animate us. Our men began to despise him; some asked him if he could speak."

Gray, the poet, also gave this account of James:

"He is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James II., and has extremely the air and

look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays—the first he does not do often; the latter continually."

As this poor creature was of indolent disposition and dissipated character, England lost but little in rejecting him as King and taking up with his Dutch and German kinsmen. Bonnie Prince Charlie was but little improvement on his father, and eventually sank to the same level. Somehow Pretendership seems to exercise a deteriorating effect on Princes. Tired of being perpetually urged to do something when nothing can be done, they become hopelessly lazy, or they take up with low people, and turn their backs on really helpful alliances.

Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, has this advantage over Victor Napoleon and Louis Napoleon, that he has married an Archduchess, and can therefore boast a consort who is fit to be a Queen. The Princesses of his family also marry well, and have weddings which attract public attention, and keep the cause afloat. When Philippe's sister Hélène married the Duke of Aosta, Royalties—English and foreign—flocked to the bridal in such numbers that there was scarcely standing room for them, and the fuss altogether made a splendid advertisement for the would-be King. The next wedding, that of Princess Isabelle with Prince Jean de Chartres, will be more of a family affair, and the bridegroom is not a catch like the King of Portugal, or King Humbert's nephew and possible heir; but still, the excuse is good for a stir, and stir is beneficial to Pretenders. Anything sooner than dropping from view and becoming inert.

Death and After Death.

'Twas only yesterday at dawn
She turned away her weary head
And gazing far across the fields, she smiled,
And trembling with wet eyes, said:

"In yonder East I see the light,
Look, one pale streak, one flickering ray,
Beyond the hills the hidden sun
Is smiling, beckoning to the day."

"Beyond the hills that golden light
Shall rise and shine no more for me,
For ere the dusk of night creeps in
This troubled life shall cease to be!"

"To-morrow's sun shall rise and shine
And I shall be so far away
In some sweet sleep where this tired world
Will seem a dream of yesterday."

"O life give back one flickering spark
Where now that sleeping angel lies,
O raise those drooping lids once more,
Look up with heaven light in thine eyes!"

—She smiles, it is a smile from heaven.
She speaks, it is an angel's voice,
Reasoning from the silent tomb,
Whispering to human souls, "Rejoice!"

"O weary lives, O restless souls,
Couldst thou but know this—after death
Couldst thou but see the golden light
Beyond the mists of struggling breath!"

"Couldst thou but see the grief, the wrong
Pent up in that sad world below,
Where God in nature is so pure,
Where man in man is sin and woe."

"Where man in man predominates,
Where God in man is crushed and torn,
Where human dreams of the Divine
Fled earth that Resurrection morn."

"Go thou to nature's home and pray,
For there thy God is strangely real,
Forget the sordid aims of man
And to thy God thy heart reveal."

"Forget thine all-absorbing self,
And by thine effort raise the weak.
See, through the uncertain mists of time
Are heaven's angels come to seek!"

"—Dream on of this fair world beyond,
Know'st thou thy dreams cannot exceed
The glory of this—after death,
Where God is God and heaven is heaven
indeed."

"—Dream on—dream and let thy dreams
Be strong in this sweet true belief
That heaven is one eternal song
—Of purest peace—unknown to grief."

ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.
Hamilton, October, 1899.

Venezuelan Arbitration.

From Harper's Weekly.

GREAT BRITAIN has lost nothing by consenting to submit to arbitration the boundary dispute between herself and Venezuela. The award of the commission, which is unanimous, gives to Great Britain, according to the newspaper reports and maps, nearly all the territory included within her extreme demand, and much more than she was ready to take by way of compromise. The line fixed by the commission is also much to the westward of the Schomburgk line, and within the territory granted to her are the British settlements, the difficulty of disposing of which, so far as jurisdiction over them was concerned, long prevented Great Britain from assenting to arbitration. The result is a decided victory for England, and a decided gain, too, for the general principle of settling disputes by arbitration. Justice has doubtless been done as nearly as it is possible to be exactly just in settling upon a boundary line which for centuries has been so vague that it may truly be said never to have existed at all. On the whole, the United States has not only nothing to regret, but much to be thankful for. The part we played has been distinctly honorable, for it was a successful effort in behalf of the peaceful settlement of a dispute concerning which war would have been disgraceful.

An Important Call.

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow-practitioners, saying, "Pray step across to the club. We are one short of a game of poker." "Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."

You may say, you may reason
The cucumber, if you will,
But the old colic prerogative
Will cling to it still.

"Acrostic the Contnint."

Special Correspondence of Mr. Caleb Jinkins of Jinkins Corners, Ont.



VI.

VIRIDEN, MANTOBEY, Oct. 11.
to the editor of the Saturday Night newspaper

DEER SIR

afere we lef winipeg a feler ses to me air you agoin to vissit munny places in mantobey fore you go to the coste, i ses yes we hev got bisniss down in authen mantobey and must go round the belt line trip afore we start fer the setin sun. well he ses, and it lookt like thay was teers in his ses, i pity you. wot fer i ses, haint it a good kentry to travel in, i unstan its the gardin



of the provints wots rong bout it? the taverns he ses, ime a thinkin of the taverns yule hev to stop at yule fine em putty rocky the wust you ever seen tho the towns is all rite & the fokes is bout es nice es thay make em. Wel i was naterly low spirted on account of him givin me this plnter, but we hev now bin thru the hull kentry he was trimblin and weepin about and so fur es i hev saw thay haint no grounds fer him feelin so scairt. ef a feler wants big stile with a culler man to gin him his chare wen he sets down to his meels and all like of that, wy seel a party will hev to sufer grate privashuns & suferins but es fer me i haint bin brung up that way, and ef things is only clee i dont kiek if the stile is left out. Well, the fack is we haint cum acrost more one or 2 places where you kin fine any faks with the tavern. i souse you kin git em es bad es you want em now & agin of you hev a serch warit, but sech haint bin our luck. we found em jes es good ever yue es you git in ontario takin em rite along & once in a wile you cum to fous clas taverns. munny of em weve stop at dont hev no bar & is jes es quite es a bordin house. thay hev got probishin in spots all over mantobey, but ware thay is bar rooms thay make plenty use of em no dout bout that, thay bout the thirstiest croud of feler up hear you ever see. ime tote its on account of the thrashin goin on all round and the farmers teemin thay wheet to the elvaters. The ralerodes brung in bout eleven thousen men to work at the harvestin but thay room fer lots more. The farmers is lookin fer men & is willin to gine em big wages as times is mitey bisny.

i hev met hull lots of feler that i node round jinkins corners & more of em that node me. in fack you git the idee out hear that it is jes ontario over agin. you cum to one sekshin & everbuddy is frum huron & bruce & nex place yule fine thay all use to live in oxford & then agin they sincoe or durham & so 4th. ef thay was more trees & you coodent see so fur acrost the prary you mite souse you was down east. i kin state fer the beult of thay frens in Ont. that everbuddy peers to be gittin on fas rate up heer i haint herd no one complane & so fur es i hev saw mantobey haint got a solitery tramp.



these big times mung the sportin feler jes now havin fun shootin prary chickens. the gevermint allows em to be shot fer jes six weeks frum oct. 1, but not moren 20 fer each man in a day & you haint aloud to go on sundays. Thay piles of birds this seasin & vry plump frum feedin on the grane crop. Ide send you a fure fer a tree oney its agin the law to buy or sell em or to send em out of the provints. in fack the laws bout game of all sorts is mitey strick and is kep well all over the kentry es the gevermint looks after em sharp and salts ever feler down with a hevvy fine which is ketcht shootin at the rong time. Its open seasin jes now fer ducks & gese & ef thay a grater kentry then this fer them birds i haint never herd tell bout it, sum places where thay lakes & marshes thay reely millyins of em and they go in big flocks to feed on the grane fer twenty miles round. its a hard job ime tote gittin at em with a gun es thay air mitey cute and gait scart a long ways of, so the hunters hev to set out dekoys gese made outen sheet iron & painted & then hide wot thay life. them dekoys fools the gese cute es thay be, but thay peers to be gese

thout fethers that gits fould es well. Tuther day a feler frum Souris sot out a flock of dekoys & a farmer seen em there in the feild & he crawld on his stummick bout haf a mile & let drive at em. wen he seen he had nookd haf a dozen of em over he ris up & run to get em but wot his feelins was wen he got there it haint fer me to say but i dont bleeve he injide it much es the feler dun thet tole me bout it tho he owned the dekoys & sum of em was bored full of holes.



the small towns all thru mantobey is so much alike in ginel bild thet you kin only know em frum one another by reedin the name on the ralerode stashtin. You git out of the cars and thay you see a lot of farmin chaps on the stoop with a few wimmin & sevril small boys & bout a dozen comershil travelers & sum sheep dogs & most genrily a cappel of huntin dogs. Then you wauk crost the rode to the tavern tho its better fer you to run as the comershil men allus husels fer the best room. You kin pass along up and down the street & hev a look at the stores, thay oney one side to the street & jes one street in the town es a usul thing with resindens scaterd hear & thare back of it. Long side of the ralerode yule see the elvater or moren one accordin to the size of the place, & you kin calkate yule fine a tidy lookin church, it is the presbterin persuashin most allus tho it mite hapen to be methdis ef thay haint bout got churches. Them 2 churches hev got bout the hull provints to thare-selves & is doin good mung the



setelers. in the tavern ware you stop yule fine a assortmint of horney hand suns of tile es thay call em in perlitikel speeches, setin round, smokin pipes & tawkin bout how munny bushels thay got to the akter this seasin & wether Jim Thomson hes did his thrashin yit, & how much sum feler wants fer his bay mare & so 4th. yule be sprised at how munny big tall men yule see mung em & not munny of em bald nor gray headed. ef the conversashin haint icxitin enuf fer yue taste you kin go out dore and take a look at the kentry. you kin see the hull of it all round frum the risin of the sun to the setin of the same, jes a rollin prary with farms everware, & kin tell em by the thrashin masheen ingines ef it hapens to be harvest time. in winter i calkate its ruther more wite and smells a little bit fresher.

We hev driv a good ways acrost the prary trailes & i kin menshin the roles is fas rate. Thay dont hev no ditchen on the sides & no fences. Ef you hev a hoss thet shys hees got plenty rode to do it, bout 20 miles or so each side the traile. The sile is mostly black like you buy down thare in toronto fer puttin your house plants in. it is grate stuff fer raisin grane on to but in dry wether wen the wind is blowin the dust, it makes you look like tom Steevens the blacksmith at jinkins corners after yue traveld a fue miles. The wind is ginerly blowin too, in fack thay 2 siltie trubhels to mantobey namly high winds in summer & high snows in winter but a high price fer farmin prodooce gits over both of em esey enuf.

The newspaprs is at it hamern tonges bout pollyticks though the elckshins haint expectked to cum of till nex spring. Thay was agoin to hev em this fall but greenway put em of to oblige the farmers



& then he sed the wether in winter is to ruff fer gittin to the poles esey so he fixt it fer the spring of he dont change his mind agin. Lots of the candates is nomnatid & in fack i seen one of em thet hes bin in the feild & workin over time fer moren a year. es a intelligen vissiter ive bin tryin hard to fine out wot is the questions thayr sposed to be fittin out tween the 2 parteyes but i cant manige to git a hole of it no way nor shape septin thay the opishin sees the gevermintis extravrigint and crupt & it is time fer a change & the gvinmt sees the opishin haint got no pollyty. this is stole reddy made in my opinyin frum ontario es i hev heard it afore down that way. ef i kin diskover any reel questions thayr discussin ile let you no.

i guess bout the bisnyist consarn in this bisny kentry is the c pralerode. they got

a big job on hand this year gittin the crop took to markit & thay at it with both sleeves rold up. Thay seems to be piles of fokes travelin too es ever trane is croudid spehilly to the west. Wen next i rite ile be out of mantobey & in the teritoyres. So ile jes close hear and sine my name yurne truly.

CALEB JINKINS.

Why Many Young Men Fail in Life.

THERE is room for a great deal of argument as to what constitutes Failure. Once I asked a Poet to define it—a poet who makes no verses because, as he says, it is his hard fate to live in an age that would not listen to him. Like a rejected lover who declines to eat or a young inebriate hurrying to the dogs, this Poet who does not write considers himself a somewhat interesting character—an ill-cast, badly-allotted genius, bestowed upon an era of the world inadequate to the full use of him. Shakespeare, he says, was fortunately, ideally placed. Little had been written. Everything remained to be done and the Bard picked out for himself all the notable things and did them. The remaining things, worth doing, have since been done by stragglers, often men of mean ability, and to-day the Poet can find no new theme worthy of his gifts. It occurred to me that this man might provide a good definition of Failure, but this was what he offered: "That man is a Failure who fails to realize the ambitions of his youth." This has the sound of a stifled poem; but if we accept it we find that every man is a failure. It is simpler to say, indefinitely, that the man is a failure who does not "get on in the world," financially, professionally, socially.

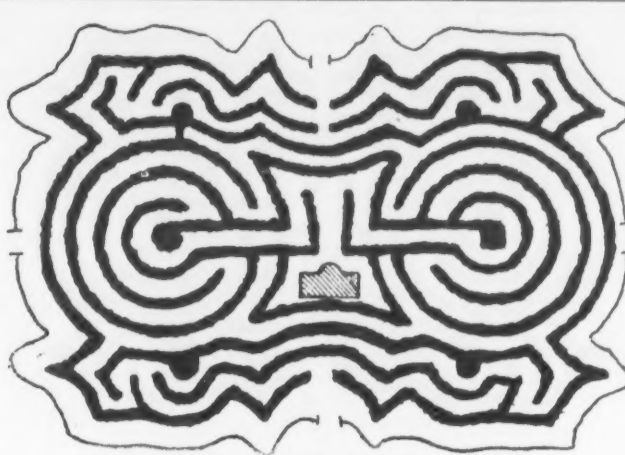
Millionaires and men who manage great concerns are always ready to explain just how they got rich or mounted up from obscure posts to places of large responsibility, and these stories are always highly creditable to themselves. They worked hard, studied late and spent little. But Henry H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, has done something better than usual, for in a recent interview he gave five reasons for the failure of young men. These are as follows:

1. Laziness, and particularly mental laziness.
2. Lack of faith in the efficacy of work.
3. Reliance on the saving grace of luck.
4. Lack of courage, initiative and persistence.
5. The belief that the young man's job affects his standing, instead of the young man affecting the standing of his job.

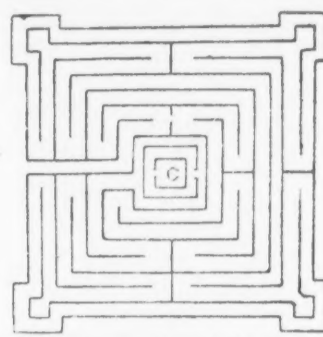
These are points worth considering—much more worthy of attention than rich men's tales of how they scraped up money and won fortunes. These five points cover a lot of ground. Mental laziness, lack of initiative, the desire to get a nice job—these are, perhaps, the chief causes of failure. "Lack of faith in the efficacy of work" probably covers another cause, that of the young man who says that he is not going to work himself to death for the salary he is now getting. That is the open door to Failure. When a young fellow begins to talk that way he soon becomes a clock-watcher and a shirker. The men who succeed are those who measure their work not by their salary, but by their capacity, and they soon command more salary than the careful messengers. The employer expects a profit from the services of his employee, and if he gets nothing but value for value, he cannot increase his pay nor profitably keep him about the premises.

Perhaps too many young men fail to seriously buckle into work until they have become classified in their trade or profession as triflers. There may not be reports sent out by Bradstreet's informing subscribers of the amount of steam or business capacity each young man in Toronto is rated to possess, but accurate information as to how much "go" any young man has already shown is never lacking. He may have a great deal of capacity, but if he neglects to use it until he gets a great chance, he will never get that chance. The man who is smaller than, or just as small as, his present job, will only get a better one by some miracle, and it is a long time between miracles in this age.

Some go in for athletics and lose all sense of proportion. The game—whether it be Rugby or whist, lacrosse or dominoes—that is excellent, as a diversion is always ruinous as a passion. When a man will allow play to take precedence over work he is on dangerous ground. He may win an exacting employer, but if he feigns illness and under an assumed name plays in some game, he forfeits his own respect and that of his comrades in the field. Nor does he recommend himself to some more lenient employer for some graver trust. An English statesman once played billiards with a young man who made a marvelous display and ran up the whole string at one effort. The statesman put up his cue, saying that a reasonable degree of proficiency in such a game was desirable in a social being, but such skill as he had just witnessed gave proof of misspent days and nights. I do not see that it is ever necessary for a young man to entirely abandon athletics, which, in their place, are man-making, character-building and mind-opening, but some so thirst for the cheap applause of the field that they seem wholly incapable of retiring from the leading places that they fairly won as youngsters, and so go through life with the ever-dwindling distinction of being known as "Mr. Smith the Rugby authority," or "Mr. Smith the cricketer," or golf player, or whist player, or curler, or lacrosse enthusiast, as the case may be. They may be lawyers, or doctors, or merchants, or what-not, but they are seldom heard of in their business capacities. The games that should have amused their minds and recreated their strength have stolen the best that was in them. Such men enjoy life and are envied by the unreflecting; but they pay the price, as they find when they strike up totals at the age



Find your way through this maze with a lead pencil.



Find your way through this maze.

of fifty.

In all the books that have been written advising young men how to succeed in life, little, if anything, has been said about "disposition," or that nameless something which makes a young man acceptable to others. He earns promotion earlier than others equally deserving of it. He wins the favor of men who mix in big matters, and something comes his particular way without any credit to himself beyond the fact that he is, in addition to being a competent young fellow, also a likable one. He is an acceptable fellow to have around—an agreeable employee to give instructions to or to receive an explanation from; he comprehends readily what is wanted of him, and is readily comprehended in his explanations.

Some clerks are so eager to please that they give their employers the fidgets whenever they come near them in matters of necessary business. Such a clerk gets on his employer's nerves; contact with him is avoided, and when this is impossible the employer is irritable, censorious, impatient to be done.

The other clerk is the person who is often called "lucky" because there is no better way of expressing it. He has an instinct or a physical glow about him that makes him companionable in business. It is not tact, nor gumption, nor breeding, nor cheerfulness, but something half-physical and half-spiritual that makes him agreeable to others in matters of business. His friends may not consider him a jovial comrade, nor a very popular fellow, but business men under a heavy strain find in him a soothing influence, while the mere presence of some others in a room is unappealingly irritating. Men who reach the top of the ladder are usually so wordy in telling how wisely and persistently they climbed that they neglect to say that their chief cause of success was the favor they found in the sight of men higher up, who generously reached down and yanked them up a few rounds without apparent rhyme or reason.

Some young men, as it has been truly said, are too prosperous at the outset to ever distinguish themselves in any direction. It is so much easier to plod along comfortably than to make a bold break that may possibly prove to have been a blunder. Courage unused is soon incapable of use; and as boys are taught to swim by being thrown headlong into deep water, so many find fortune in the misfortune of losing a roof-tree.

Alexandre Dumas said that men live in their future until they are forty, and then live in their past until they die, which can not be true, as some are still boys at forty, while others are already old men even earlier. But it is true that the men who succeed live in the Present, realizing that it is the only time—past and future being really non-existent dream-times.

The world is money-mad. Once a

medium of exchange and a means to desirable ends, money has become the world's desire. It has displaced, in the attention of men, nearly all other objects of pursuit. The nobility and gentry of the world who once would not stoop to money-grabbing; the peasantry who once were content with their modest lot; the followers of art and science who once found the joy of living in their dream-work, are all out in the race after money. This may be and no doubt is deplorable, but on the other hand it is undeniable, and slothful and improvident men should not flatter themselves on being superior to the tendencies of the times. It may be hard to define Failure, but it is easily recognized when seen. Perhaps Success is not so hard to define, for the successful man may be described as the one who develops his individuality and takes good care of those who are dependent on him for food, clothing, shelter and training.

MACK.

The Coming Change in Sex Ideals.

UCH comment has been occasioned by an article in the current number of the *Severance Review* (New York) on the Sapphic verses of a young American poetess, Miss Ann Reeve Aldrich, published shortly before her premature death. The New York Sun has said some biting things about the writer, and has rather broadly hinted that the church is in danger, and that the canons of ecclesiastical propriety have been violated by the appearance, in a "High Church review," of an article in defence of what it terms the erotic verses of a young poetess of passion. The publishers of the *Review* have said, however, that the purpose and spirit of the paper have been much misconceived, and that the daily press has read the article in a light that never was on land or sea, or in any one's mind but the newspaper critics'.

The writer, Mr. G. B. Rose, calls attention in the beginning to the fact that the later nineteenth century poetry, as represented in Tennyson, Arnold, and most of the American verse-writers, has become less vital in its treatment of life. In the days of Byron and Shelley, poetry and life were one, and poetry was "the most popular, because the most vital, form of literature." Especially in dealing with the central fact of life—love and the sex relations—current verse ignores everything except "the delicately fanciful and

religiously sentimental." Although in prose the rights and relations of the sexes have finally attained to a position where they can demand some attention from thinking minds, the reviewer still turns in scorn, says Mr. Rose, from every poem that shows a sign of the "erotic taint," especially if it be from a woman. Yet, he says:

Of all the passions, love is the one to which woman is most susceptible, and the one about which, at least in modern times, she displays the greatest reticence. This is due in some measure to the modesty of the sex, still more to the restraint of public opinion. It has been the rule from time immemorial that woman should not court, but be courted; that her love should not be uttered, but confessed. Her heart must be a hidden garden into which one alone can gaze. Pale lilies of fancy, passionate blood-red roses of desire, may blossom there, but they must bud and bloom and wither all unseen, or seen by but a single eye. The woman who tears down the barrier that the ages have built around her, and exposes the garden of her soul to the public gaze, is despised of men and execrated by her sex. A few of the Bohemian race, like George Sand, may do so, but the vast majority shrink from the exposure of their hearts as they would from an exposure of their persons. Many of them write, but instead of uttering their own thoughts and sentiments, they write as the world expects they should feel and think. There is no more seething volcano than a woman's breast, but its fires must smolder concealed beneath the snow. Consequently female authors are generally tame and insipid to the last degree. Forbidden by public opinion to utter plainly and intensely what they feel, and restrained by innate modesty from revealing the secrets of their hearts, they generally devote their writings to photographic reproductions of the commonplace, to ethical disquisitions that are a weariness to the flesh, to works of sentimental unreality, or something of the kind.

One reason of this insipidity observed in most feminine writing is, says Mr. Rose, that "her heart and senses have been so cramped by the training that she has little to express." Some of the most important and vitalizing elements of her nature have been atrophied and rendered as non-existent and useless as the foot of the high-caste Chinese woman which has been tightly bandaged since earliest childhood. As Mr. Rose poetically expresses it, "in the pale Gothic gardens the blood-red roses of Lesbos have turned to a pallid pink, and their intoxicating odor has become a delicate perfume." Yet Mr. Rose thinks that it is apparent to all observers that a change is coming in the ideals of women. In the wholesome out-of-door life of the modern day the medieval conception of womanhood is passing away, and the naturalness, purity, and sane beauty of the Greek statue is returning. This amelioration and emancipation from the one-sided and moribund spiritual ideals of medievalism is shown in the great change in woman's reading in recent years. It is shown still more by the two recent volumes of Miss Aldrich. Says the writer:

They are volumes of extraordinary promise, uttering the cries and moanings of passion with an intensity and directness worthy of Sappho, though of course without that marvelous imprint of supreme genius that makes the slightest fragment of the Lesbian a scintillating gem. Still, they are fine poems, the true sobbings and exultations of a woman's love, such an outpouring of a woman's heart as we rarely find in our modern literature. There are none of the fine phrases, the recondite interweavings, which make the Sonnets from the Portuguese so charming and so unreach to the average reader. There is no veil, no concealment, no artifice. Except that the words are in rhythm and in rhyme, they are such as any passionate woman might utter in the rapture and despair of love.

In the blithe days when she sported with her fifty maidens, Sappho would not have understood all that Miss Aldrich meant; but when the mad love for Phaon came and she stood upon the Leucadian Rock, ready to quench in the purple waters of the Egean the flames that consumed her soul, she would have recognized in Miss Aldrich a triller, paler, sadder sister, and would have clasped her to her bosom. Yet even then she could not wholly have understood her; she could not have comprehended that shame of love that the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the youthful American. Sappho could never have understood why she should be more ashamed of her love than of hunger or thirst—why she should ever refrain from the utterance of any emotion. Her love, even its Lesbian forms, was as natural as that of a bird, and as devoid of shame. When Miss Aldrich sang the song with which she begins her singing, Sappho would have wondered vainly what she meant. It marks the gulf between the woman of to-day and the woman of Lesbos.

Mr. Rose then gives the following verses in illustration of this contrast between the joyous spirit of appropriation shown by Sappho and the pained and timid self-consciousness of the daughter of the Puritans:

In that first Eden Love gave birth to Shame,
And died of horror at its loathsome child.
Let us slay Shame and bury it to-day—
Yea, hide it in this second Eden's wild.
This dim, strange place where, for aught we
two know,
No man hath stepped since God first made
it so.

Now dream we are alone in all the earth.
Say, wouldst thou weep if all save we were
dead?
I would not weep, but closer to my breast
Would press the golden glories of thy head.
Rejoicing that none other of my race
Should feed his eyes upon thy wondrous face.

Look at this tangled snare of undergrowth,
These low-branched trees that darken all
below;
Drink in the hot scent of this noontide air,
And hear, far off, some distant river flow,
Lamenting ever till it find the sea.
New life, new world, what's Shame to thee
and me?

Let us slay Shame; we shall forget his grave
Locked in the rapture of our lone embrace.
Yet, what if there should rise, as once of old,
New wonder of this new yet ancient place:
An angel with a whirling sword of flame,
To drive us forth forever in God's name!

"The whole spirit of the piece," says Mr. Rose, "would have been incomprehensible" to Sappho and all her maidens, and they would have wondered what their "sad little sister was singing about" in such mournful strains.

And when I die place on my tomb
This simple line, "Here lies
A man whose book was too blamed poor
To even dramatize."—Life.

Watching the Shamrock.



"Barrin' her name, what be there Irish about her?"
"Dom it i know, lest it be that after her leavin' there's
a wake."—Life.

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A Twenty-Fifth Child.

Mrs. William Swartwood of Mountain Top, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., gave birth to her twenty-fifth child yesterday. It is a boy and strong and healthy. He has twenty-one brothers and sisters living, three others having died. He is an uncle several times over. The husband is an engineer on the New York Central Railroad. —From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Anecdotal.

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend listening to a most tremendous bore with his ear trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud, "why contend against natural advantages?"

A writer in the Atlanta Constitution tells a tale, perhaps autobiographical, of an author who, being hard pressed by his creditors, wrote to an editor for whom he had done some work: "Please send check at once, as my gas bill is due." The candid editor replied in this brief fashion: "So is mine. God help us all!"

An old farmer who had been to the city was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel he stayed at. "Everything was perfect," said he; "all but one thing—they kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to." "Well," said one of his listeners, "why didn't you blow it out?" "Blow it out!" said the farmer; "how could I? The pesky thing was inside a bottle!"

Sir Charles Tupper at Halifax told a rather good story illustrating the position, as he sees it, of the Dominion Government. A passenger on a railway train in the Rocky Mountains was standing on the platform when the conductor said: "You must get off that platform." "No, I'll stay where I am," replied the passenger. "But you shall not. Don't you know that that is a platform to get in on not to stand on?"

Robert Hilliard, the actor, brought a young Englishwoman to see El Capitán. She was much impressed with De Wolf Hopper, and remarked, "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is. Tell me, is he married?" "Been divorced three times," was the reply. "Three times!" she repeated. "And they are all three dead?" "No," was the answer, "divorced." "Ah!" she rejoined, "I see; he is a Grass-Hopper."

The skipper of a sailing-vessel had as passenger an estimable but not very courageous minister and two careless young men given to little but mischief. A severe storm came up, and although the young men were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object. "See here, sir," said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, "do you want me to think you're more afraid of going to heaven than those young men are of going to hell?"

Uncle Zebulon, from one of the back townships, was on a visit to his nephew in the city, and the two had gone to a restaurant for dinner. They had given their order and were waiting for it to be filled, when the younger man, who had

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been glancing at a paper that lay on the table, said: "By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebro-spinal meningitis?" "No," replied Uncle Zebulon, after a few moments' mental struggle with the question, "and I don't want any. I'd rather have fried liver and bacon any day."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when speaking at an agricultural meeting at Strathroy, Ontario, the other day, told a good story of the Princess of Wales. When visiting Paris in 1897 M. Faure told him the following anecdote, which the French President had obtained at first hand: "The Princess of Wales one day visited a butter fair in Yorkshire, and she said to the president of the fair: 'I believe, sir, that the best butter comes from Denmark.' 'Oh, no, madam,' replied the president: 'the best butter comes from Yorkshire, but the best Princess comes from Denmark.'"

A new military prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much composure, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are; well, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty, but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

A well-known divinity professor, a grave and learned man, had five daughters, whom his students irreverently named Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus and Deuteronomy. Beginning his lecture one day, the professor said: "Gentlemen, I wish to speak to you about the age of Genesis." Roars of laughter came from the students. "Genesis is not so old as you suppose," continued the professor. More roars—so long continued, indeed, that the worthy man had time to think before he made the next remark. He said timidly—and he managed to hit the mark this time: "I may not be thinking of the same Genesis as you are!"

Some little time ago a Scotch settler in Australia was arrested for stealing a set of bagpipes from a musically-minded Chinaman. But when the case came on for hearing his defence was ready and fluent. "I'm no sayin'," he said, facing the court squarely on his merits; "I'm no sayin' that I didna tak' the pipes, but I hold I was pairtly justifyt in rescuin' the national instrument o' my ain country frae the hands o' a yellow-skinned chow like yon wha kames his wee pickie hair like the tail of an auld soo. I'm weelin' eneuch tae pay the fine, ye ken, but I'm dahnied if I'll gie baek these pipes tae siccan a jahndiced-faced birkie to desecrate any mair." And Scotchmen everywhere will fully sympathize with his feelings.

In Passages From the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Porys there are some amusing chronicles of eighteenth century small beer. For example: Princess Amelia asked a remarkably tall young man what he was intended for. "The church," said he. "Oh, sir, you must mistake," said the princess. "It was certainly for the steeple." Hitherto this retort has been attributed to Curran; but Mrs. Porys was smiled upon by many of the great ones of the earth, and was therefore in a position to credit it to the right person. At all events, Curran has had the honor quite long enough. Mrs. Porys also notes a new Pope pun. One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company, and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any proposed subject off-hand, when a lady in the company said: "Well, Mr. Pope, make one on keelhauling." He instantly replied: "That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a hardship" (hard ship).

That Little Irish Ride.

"TELL us all about it," was the calm order given as the chums and I sat down for the first gossip after the summer holidays. Though I was just bursting to tell of my own outing I restrained myself until I had heard all their news. Then the deluge! For never in the experience of one old lady was there a more delightful holiday than that which I forecast in this column three months ago. It seemed too good to be true; it was better even than it seemed. The bicycle, known as "her ladyship," was made to the finish. I had her tires well inflated the day she and I made our swift and certain way from the ship to the hotel at Glasgow, where we greeted our fellow-passengers, who arrived an hour later in cabs piled with luggage, her ladyship radiant after a sixpenny shine from the finest bell-boy, and myself washed and brushed and lunched, and ready for a ride out to the fine old cathedral, a place I never fail to look in, at Glasgow. It was sufficiently exasperating to have to visit that city, anyway, when Irish maidens were awaiting us at Derry, but needs must, when the Allans drive, so we slid past the green Isle with what amiability we might, and stuck on the bed of the Clyde with great decision. Did you ever hear the Scotchman's answer to the American who extolled Niagara Falls as the greatest work of God? "You boast of your river Clyde," said he. "Tisn't to be compared with the greatest natural wonder in the world—God's greatest work." "Oo aye," said the Scot tentatively. "God made Niagara, but, mon, we made the Clyde 'ourself!'" You get tremendously stuck on Scotland when you run aground opposite Dunbarton as we did, owing to a poor tide, and are presently borne ignominiously off to Glasgow in a vulgar little tug-boat. And Glasgow wharves are not inviting, nor are cabs always to be had by calling for them; therefore I was glad of her ladyship, and said many a

pleasant word to her as we scurried over the stone steps in perfect accord. From Glasgow to Derry is an all-night trip, and I made it in company with a strapping party of Scotch golfers, going to "lift" a trophy from their Irish rivals, which, by the way, they did with much success. To see how sweetly pretty Loch Foyle can be, and to come into Derry with the greatest satisfaction, one needs to have been delayed long enough—on the way—to reach the Loch at sunrise. We managed it by running down a small steam-launch in the Clyde and jolting our steering gear so badly that we had to put back to Greenock and be straightened out. There is nothing like the satisfaction of that moment when you step ashore in lovely Ireland and let loose a whole multitude of hopes, and memories, and wishes, and a blessed surety that at last you are there, and the long-desired land spreads its grand roads and winning scenes and thousand and one contradictory, irrational, laughable, lovable places and people and ideas for your amusement and entertainment.

I rode in late afternoon out of Derry and north into Donegal, looking ahead for the Irish girl, whose cheery assurance that she was ready and waiting had met me as soon as our mail reached the ship. Miles and miles in the sweet Sabbath stillness through tree-shaded lanes and over tricky side paths, always with the lovely loch on the right, until it seemed as if I ought to be getting dangerously near my guardian angel. A queer-looking man stopped to watch me. I promptly hopped down and asked how far I was from Castle Cary. "Tis sixteen miles from Derry," he said. "Yes, I know that. But from here?" "Here? Why, 'tis just the roadside here. 'Tis no place here. 'Tis sixteen miles from Derry, I said." And that was all I could get out of him!

Soon I met the Irish girl, and a sister, the guardian angel a bit shaken up after a collision with a youthful Father O'Flynn, who was probably the "tinderest cratur in all Donegal" in very truth, after the Irish girl had knocked him off his bicycle. With no formality we halted, and while she detailed the mishap and we laughed till we cried, and she "hefted" her ladyship and marveled at her lightness (for a twenty-two pound wheel was a wonder over there) we began a comradeship which has no end in sight. The Irish in us, I suppose. How I came to call her "Baby" I forget, but so she is to me, and we evened up by my allowing her to address me by the name at the end of this column. In Irish air it did not sound offensively shoppy. After an Irish welcome, and many misgivings on the part of a mistrustful mamma, who evidently regarded me as a reckless and dangerous adventurer, bound to bring the Baby to an untimely end, we escaped at low tide to the loch shore, and put ourselves and our wheels into a small fishing boat, with two Irish fishermen and a gale of wind. To say I was scared does not express it, whereas Baby, to the manor born, swimming in that loch every day of her fresh young life, and delighting in having one gunwale under water, while we clung to the other to prevent us from rolling out altogether, took but little notice of my anxious face. When we finally ran aground, some way from the shore, and the younger fisherman divested himself of his breeches to the knees, I remembered that we were to be carried ashore, and felt exceedingly tall and overgrown. However, we were safely toted, and also our bicycles, and with many hearty good wishes and cautions we mounted for a long ride upon the firm golden beach, over which the sea had so recently been dashing at high tide. Wasn't it glorious fun though! and the wind blew as it does sometimes over there, driving us sometimes unto the crest of a lazy little wavelet, sending us dashing into a wondering group of gulls, who ducked and did their funny little three steps of a run before they soared, disgusted, to a safe place on the crest of an incoming wave. Buffeted and breathless one moment, dashing merrily over the yellow sand the next, we made our first run of ten miles to Downhill, Sir Harvey Bruce's place, at low tide, on the north coast of Antrim, where, deny it who dares, are the most glorious bicycle rides ever taken, as I shall tell you later on.

LADY GAY.

His Life Story.

There was a man in our town
Invested all his health,
With madly avaricious aim,
To win the goal of wealth:
And when the same he had attained,
With all his might and main,
He vainly lavished all his wealth
To get his health again.

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JUNE THE SEVENTH.—You are strong and generous, somewhat imaginative, idealistic, confident and frank. Couldn't keep a secret, but would be loyal and a good friend in any other way. You are conservative, decided, and have a very high sense of honor. I don't think you are very ambitious.

BABIE.—Oh, Babie, I hope you did enjoy the bicycle rides. We did three miles in ten minutes this summer. I thought our finish was in sight that time, but we survive. I hope you have had your character long ago. Just let me know, and if not, I will send it instantly. Too bad you didn't get it "next week." Probably I inadvertently destroyed your study after answering questions.

MAGNETAN.—I couldn't at all say what would be a sure way for you to support yourself. I fancy your sort would make a poor fight in a rough world. But if you take pity on some nice, solvent and affectionate man, I'm sure he'd support you excellently. Truth to tell, there isn't ginger and force enough in your lines to be aggressive, and a self-supporting woman under ordinary circumstances has to be that at the start, sometimes even to the bitter end, they tell me. You are not romantic, and have a fairly practical method, but you waver, oh—terribly, in force and will. There is much fine stuff in you, and you are kind, reasonably discreet, somewhat tenacious, deliberate in thought and honest in expression, a pleasant, but not a prominent character.

JUSTICE.—I do you remember the story of the box of precious ointment? Whenever I feel inclined to grudge the spending of money for a seeming emotional reason, I think of the expense of that box of ointment and the remembrance of Judas, and it quiets me wonderfully. 2. Your writing is very full of nervous force; you are tenacious of your ideas, and I think have lived long enough in the world to prove the truth and falseness of many things. Caution is shown, alternating with an outspoken way. There is a lack of determination, which almost suggests some physical disability, either of invalidism or age. Many lines point to this, but whether old or young, the writer has decided individuality and some originality. Care and conscientiousness are shown, with a decidedly critical turn of mind.

MERCY.—Surely you must feel strongly upon some subject. Everyone does, if you only know how to touch them! You are an able and tenacious person, energetic and adaptable, somewhat imaginative, very self-reliant and independent; somewhat impatient of criticism also. You are not a logical person, and would not be likely to care much for argument; perception is good, and you have still an unfilled purpose and ambition in life. It is a clever hand, but not a contented one. You can do better than you have yet done.

A WOMAN.—Sympathy, discretion a very strong purpose, sometimes very erratically carried out, are shown. Originality, imagination, a tendency to idealize and an intuitive rather than logical mind are visible. Quite an enterprising streak is in you, and you could not be spiteful or revengeful if you tried. Romance appeals to you, and I don't think you are systematic or very practical.

LORELAINE.—Clever, snappy, cautious and persistent, with cumulative force, will, refinement and much nervous energy, pride and sense of honor, quick wit and neat expression; a truly dashing and vital personage.

STELLA E. G.—I envied you when I read your account of your proposed trip, but now I am willing to trade experiences, and wager a dime or two I come out ahead. Let me hear from you how you and that other and the camera get on. 2. Your writing shows much force and self-reliance, determined and reasonable effort, plenty of decision and a very fair temper. You are quick to observe, fluent in expression, with an eye to the main chance, and a liking for a leading place. A woman of much individuality, easily pleased with simple things, you find a good deal of happiness which is passed by more exacting natures. Keep to it, my dear. We who can have a good time without a fortune or much attention are the lucky folks. You're a fine creature; would there were more like you.

ALEXIA.—This study is a bit strained and forced. Writer does not live freely and easily, but it is a very emphatic and rather assertive specimen. The writer has snap and strength, but lacks repose and steadiness of purpose. Frankness of speech and a good deal of independence of thought are indicated; the perception is quick and the disposition inclined to impatience. The nature under proper discipline and culture will develop very much and improve greatly. Some taste and general aptness are shown.

NELL (Windsor).—Hope and magnetism, impetuous feeling, good temper, quick responsiveness, some indecision, care for detail and capacity for affection, with varying temperament, and fitful subservience to outer influence show in this study, which needs careful restraint and steady purpose. A fair and strong study.

JINX'S BABY.—I don't agree with you that a child who doesn't know who its parents were is under a needless disadvantage. It might be that the knowledge would be the ceaseless disadvantage; you are so strong and discreet and sympathetic and at the same time sensitive. Never waste a moment worrying over your unknown parents. The whole world should be kin to so fine and so powerful a man.

LADY BABIE.—I, your dear kind girl! Thank you very much for your very nice remarks. Sorry circumstances over which I didn't want to have any control kept me from answering you sooner. 2. Your writing shows a tendency to pessimism, a reasonable, logical and just mind, some humor, a rather practical disposition, candid and slightly susceptible. You are sympathetic, apt to win friends, refined in thought, adaptable and rather over the ordinary in mental clearness and capacity for looking at both sides of a question. There is a note of generous impulse that pleases.

ASTORIA.—I went, too. Now do tell me, if you see this, which you like the more. I think I've been a few weeks in Paradise. They did not talk Galle there, however. As to the other journey—may you and Auburn enjoy it to the last minute, a reasonable wish. 2. Your delightful writing is as mixed as your descent, and you were born under the sign Gemini, and have the minds of the twins ever striving with one another, so I don't just know where you're at. On the whole it is a bright, good-natured and not too logical study, erratic and contrary; impulse, hope and humor, practical turn and careful method, are all indicated. You should

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We have the best tea, but how are we going to get you to know unless you will buy a package and try it.

All we want is that one first trial, its continued use is assured.

MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA

be a very bright and interesting companion, and I am sure you think and think well, too.

F. Y. X.—You have just spoiled your writing. There is neither beauty nor interest in it and it is unfinished and crude. It seems to me that I cannot give you a true delineation under the circumstances.

FLORENCE H.—Discretion is one of your virtues. You are neat, slightly exacting and quite able to be warmly roused on occasion. Bright and dominant are your will and purpose, madam; indecision never ruled them yet, and I fancy never will. It is the writing of a fairly clever and very reliable person. I should say one incapable of meanness or deceit.

LORD TOM.—I quite agree with you. It is a nuisance to be invited to meet slow and stupid strangers—but what will you? We can't all be clever like your lordship. I do hope you've never been asked to meet me!

A WASTE OF TIME.

"It's a mighty strange thing," said Jackson savagely, "but I always feel sleepier getting up in the morning than I do going to bed at night. I have to pay for board and lodging, and I feel as if it were a waste of money to go to bed at all, to say nothing of time."

"It does seem extravagant," said Wilkins.

"Yes, sir," continued Jackson, "I will feel as spry as a grasshopper at bed-time. Well, sir, in the morning after a good night's rest, I'm as sleepy as an owl and as tired as a car horse."

"H'm," said Wilkins. "I'm more dead than alive until breakfast time, half-dead all day, brighten up at supper time, and just begin to feel lively and brisk when it's time to go to bed."

"You should get a job of night work," suggested Wilkins.

"I'll have to get something," said Jackson. "It's just like as if I had been out on a small tear the night before; frowzy, tired, sleepy, bleary, nasty taste, and all the rest of it."

"And don't you know what you want for that?" asked Wilkins.

"What?"

"A Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet before going to bed. Then you wake up fresh and hungry. You want to whistle and sing in the morning, you feel so good."

"Just like a blooming bird, eh?" said Jackson. "Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are fifty cents a box, aren't they?"

"That's all," said Wilkins.

Turkish Humor

The Turk is proverbially sedate. His serious demeanor has led people to doubt his capacity for wit, or for relishing a joke. To disprove this opinion, Mr. Buckley, author of *Travels in Three Continents*, gives the following specimens of Turkish humor:

Said a dervish to a camel, "What makes your lip so crooked?" To which the camel replied: "What is there straight about me that you should take exception to my lip?"

A man called upon a Turk to borrow his donkey. The owner declared that the donkey was not at home. While the conversation was going on, the donkey from within brayed. Said the applicant: "There, he is here. Let me have him." Said the Turk: "I will lend no man anything who will believe a donkey's voice against mine."

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Studio and Gallery

"ONE hundred years from now," says a writer on art, "Turner will be counted among the greatest artists who have ever lived. His color is wonderful. He could carry the scale higher and farther than anyone else, could get dark without using black or brown even. His color is iridescent. The Venetians could get such color only by painting transparently. But Turner is solid, clear, throughout."

A great artist—a great anything for that matter—must needs be discovered sooner or later. Unfortunately history proves it is usually later, and Turner would have been recognized, but not so soon nor by any means so universally, had not Ruskin, ridicule and slander notwithstanding, had the artistic intuition to discern the genius and the courage to proclaim it to the world in times when to compare a "modern" to an old master was an iconoclasm which provoked only horror. It is true that even Ruskin's estimate of Turner was taken from the literary or scientific standpoint perhaps more than from the true standpoint of art. Turner's building of mountains, so geologically correct that Ruskin tells us of one of his mountain subjects in which fourteen distinct distances are discernible, so true are his values, delighted Ruskin. But that was more a scientific spirit perhaps than the spirit of art. A recent exhibition in London of the works of Turner drew such crowds and plainly evidenced such a widespread and intelligent interest in his art, that critics maintain such to have been a very clear evidence of the power of Ruskin's espousal of the cause of Turner. Yet no one seemed particularly struck with the fact that Turner was a genius until he was at least forty years of age.

Ceramic artists are fully alive to the need of keeping in touch with the masters in the art of china decoration, and most of our advanced workers make it a point to visit at some time the studios of these masters, or, what is about as effective, the masters come here. Miss M. Hendershot has just returned from a two weeks' term of study in the studio of Marshall Fry of New York, whose painting of roses, particularly, and manipulation of color all ceramic artists know something of. Miss Hendershot has also taken up the lustrous painting, a resurrected art which promises to be brought more to the notice of the public again. Two of the pieces painted by Miss Hendershot are now in the ceramic exhibition of the W.A.A. One, a large vase with deep red roses, the shading delightfully blended from a gold ochre to dark green; the other a Greek pitcher decorated with blackberries artistically arranged and carrying with them the natural bloom. Several other pieces—one a shell dish in iridescent opal tints—can be seen at Miss Hendershot's studio.

W. Brymner, R.C.A.; Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., and W. Morris, expect to discontinue this week the prolonged sketching season which they have enjoyed together at Beaufort and vicinity, Quebec.

Miss Ethel Heaven, whose name and works are not unfamiliar to frequenters of our art exhibitions here, has taken a studio in the city for the winter—in York Chambers, in the studio formerly occupied by Miss Vickers. Miss Heaven has studied recently with William Chase, New York's celebrated portrait painter, who commends highly her originality and sensitive feeling for color, both of which qualities all who know anything of her work recognize as her special gifts. The study of portraiture will engage her whole attention, in pastel particularly. In both these fields there are regions undiscovered here as yet, and if Miss Heaven can bring into proper recognition the value of pastel as it is attested to today in European galleries in the cherished works of past masters, she will do a good work for art here.

Miss Stella Kerr is to spend the winter in New York studying art under the special direction of Kenyon Cox, the enthusiastic advocate of mural decoration and a door thereof.

Henry Martin, O.S.A., has just closed what we trust has been a successful exhibition at Kingston, and intends proceeding to Ottawa and points farther east before commencing his studio work for the winter.

Mrs. M. E. Byrne, who, with her daughters, is a graduate of the Toronto School of Art, and who has carried off several of its honors, gave here in the spring, as many will remember, quite a display of the work of herself and daughters. Being a lady of much enterprise she carried her exhibition bodily to Berlin, and seems thereby to have captured the hearts of the

TRY ONE

When one's meals come around with wearying and unvarying monotony, when there seems to be nothing which will tickle one's palate or give zest to one's appetite, and the very appearance of food is enough to send one's stomach on strike—it's the digestion. Now is the time of year one recuperates. A healthy appreciation of nature's delicacies means a golden store of energy for the winter.

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will turn the lassitude of a jaded appetite to the vigour of a sound man's love for good living. One Hutch after each meal insures a prompt response to the gong which announces the next eating.

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Berliners, for she has had there all summer a studio and a class of about thirty-five pupils, in all departments of art, and somewhere in the region of that number await her return to open her studio here. She will, during the winter, teach the first three days of the week in Toronto, the latter three in Berlin. Miss Dymna Byrne is a silver medalist in art of Loretto Convent.

The managers of Whitby Ladies' College have invited F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., to act as director of the art department there. This ensures up-to-date art teaching in this college, and also necessitates the staying of Mr. Knowles some time longer in this country, both consummations to be desired. The change of directors is, of course, the result of the prolonged illness of L. R. O'Brien, for so many years the respected and valued art director at the College.

The collection of the work of the pupils of Mrs. M. E. Dignam exhibited in the studio of Moulton College was—as it always is—of excellent quality, and plainly evidenced that the study of art under her is an attempt at natural development, begun from a proper view-point. From such a condition of things, with the continuity of purpose Mrs. Dignam seeks to secure in her pupils, intelligent and progressive work must result. A sketch a day, from life, for fifty days is a salutary exercise, and three of the pupils accomplished this during the summer months, Misses Hattie MacCurdy, Laura Wodehouse and Miss Belcher. The summer sketching in black and white and in color also indicated a striving for genuine art qualities in landscape. Modeling in clay was well represented, some very truthful bits being in the collection. Miss Louise Mathews executed some extremely creditable heads in low relief from life. Annie Flett, Kathleen Robinson and Marion Long gave evidence of intelligent striving for construction and modeling in work from the antique and from life. Perhaps the pieces most attractive to the eye of the visitor were the Dutch sketches in oil of the three young ladies who accompanied Mrs. Dignam abroad and studied under her supervision in Holland, Misses Elsie Loudon, Bertha Williams and Mary Rogers.

In ceramic art, now under the charge of Miss Bertram, there were several particularly nice pieces. One, a large vase painted recently by Miss Bertram, under the direction of F. B. Aulich, decorated with verbenas, was specially attractive. Miss Bertram very properly distinguishes between painted pictures on china and decorated china. Many of our artists give us far too much subject as decoration.

JEAN GRANT.

knew. The key was Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills were given to mankind ten years ago. Since then they have been the master key in thousands of cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Woman's Weakness and Blood Disorders. If Mr. Babcock had known he might have been liberated long ago.

"But better late than never," runs the proverb, and Mr. Babcock is grateful at escaping from the clutches of Kidney Disease at all. He says:

"After twenty years of pain caused by Gravel and other Kidney Trouble, I am pleased to make it known that I have been completely cured by one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. During these years I have spent hundreds of dollars, but without any lasting relief.

"Yours respectfully,
"JOHN NICHOLAS BABCOCK."

Books and Shop Talk.

There will be two Toronto newspaper men at the front in the Boer war as war correspondents, Charles Lewis Shaw and C. F. Hamilton. John A. Cooper has, I understand, formed a syndicate of Canadian newspapers to send Mr. Shaw to South Africa, and he left Toronto on Monday evening to sail at once from New York for Southampton, where he will embark for Cape Town. The list of papers in this syndicate is not given out, but I understand that the Toronto Telegram, the Ottawa Journal, a Winnipeg paper



Charles Lewis Shaw.

and Vancouver Province are four of the leading papers concerned. There is probably not a better man in Canada for such an undertaking than Mr. Shaw. He is a graduate of Trinity University; he practiced law for a few years; went with the Canadian voyageurs up the Nile in the Gordon Relief Expedition, and wrote up that trip for TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. Since then he has engaged in newspaper work and story writing in Toronto, Winnipeg, Chicago, New York, and London, Eng. He has energy and experience, and as a descriptive writer has probably no superior in the country. His despatches, like those of G. W. Stevens from the Mahdist war, will be rich not only in news but in literature.

Mr. Hamilton will go to the front as war correspondent of the Toronto Globe. He will, I believe, travel across with the Canadian contingent. He has been a valuable member of the Globe staff for about seven years, and previous to that was on the World and the Star. Mr. Hamilton is an authority on military questions, not only as to the Canadian militia, but as to the world's armaments and wars,

ancient and modern. It has been his special study, and this big opportunity should make his reputation, as he is a young man of promise. Mr. Hamilton is a Queen's man. I understand that John A. Ewan of the Globe staff, who represented that paper in the war in Cuba, is now on a trip to Newfoundland.

Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, has in preparation, and nearly ready for the press, a work of more than ordinary interest and importance, which he entitles The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company, a comprehensive work, taking in not only the history of that great corporation, but also that of the French traders of North-Western Canada, and of the North-West, X. Y., and Astor Fur Companies as well. The subject is one to kindle the imagination, abounding as it is in the eventful, the picturesque, and the romantic. The Canadian edition of this work will be published early next year by William Briggs.

Dr. Nicholas's Experiment, by Guy Boothby, has just been published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. Many readers have previously met the Doctor in Boothby's previous books and always found him interesting. The experiment here made is in the way of renewing youth by the use of electricity and other modern inventions. The experiment is a success—only that the body alone is renewed and not the mind, and the patient is a splendid lunatic.

A new volume of poems by Frederick George Scott will be brought out next month by William Briggs, Toronto. This will be the fourth book by this author, his previous works being The Soul's Quest, My Lattice, and The Unnamed Lake.

The subject of juvenile reading has been lately rather carefully canvassed by the London Academy. A vote by a large number of its readers upon the question of what are the best dozen books for children under twelve, gave the following result:

Alice in Wonderland, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Struwwelpeter, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Water Babies, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, Pilgrim's Progress, King'sley's Heroes, Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

The list is, the Academy thinks, a very satisfactory one, and generous uncles might safely adopt it as a guide. The thirteen books receiving the next highest number of votes were the following:

The Jungle Book, Esop's Fables, Masterman Ready, Through the Looking-Glass, Tom Brown's School-days, Swiss Family Robinson, The Book of Nonsense, Mother Goose, The Rose and The Ring, Jackanapes, Black Beauty, The Blue Fairy Book, The Boy's Own Paper.

Lady Barbarity is a romance by J. C. Snaith of the time of Pope and Congreve, when there were active Jacobites at work in England. One of them, Anthony Dare, was taken by Captain Grantley and carried in chains to Cleby, the mansion house of the Earl of Longacre, and the Earl was the father of Lady Barbara (called Lady Barbarity by her suitors), who in a spirit of mischief decides to let the prisoner escape. It is an interesting romance that follows. The Copp, Clark Company publish this book.

The Auld Meetin'-Hoose Green, by Archibald McIlroy, a book of short stories of a Scotch village, has just been published in America by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago and Toronto.

Archibald Birt's romance, entitled Castle Czargas, published by Longmans, Green & Co., in their Colonial Library series, is being pushed in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. It is a high-class story of adventure.

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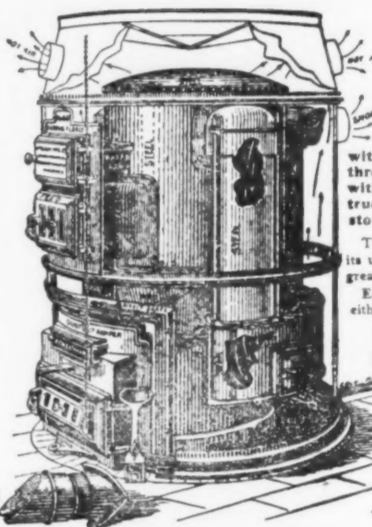
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Provision for Both.

Smith walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolate under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hallo, Smith!" said Brown, "gone in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with that chocolate and meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to supply the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the chocolate is for the girl and the meat for the dog. I have to square myself with both."

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Victor Herbert's father was an Irishman

Manager Cummings, who is a pretty red-brown business manager and knows how to take advantage of an opportunity, on Monday introduced patriotic songs at the performances at the Princess Theater.

Walter Harold Crane, who has a good voice, created quite a *furor* by singing the "Didlers of the Queen," in the chorus of which the audience joined with evident enthusiasm. The song, of course, has much the jingo spirit, but it is immensely popular in England, and in these war years it proves stimulating in any part of the English-speaking possession of Her Majesty.

The New York *Evening Post* calls attention to the fact that on November 24th, exactly forty years will have passed since Madame Patti made her debut at the New York Academy of Music, as a girl of 17, singing three months. At that time Pachosch paid her \$100 a week. At her London debut she received \$750 a month, and Mr. Gye, the manager, was soon glad to give her \$500 for each extra performance. Until she married the Marquis de Saxe she never received over \$600 a performance, but when Nilsson got \$1,000, Patti's fee went up to \$1,050. At present she receives in England £2,500 for each principal and \$4,300 for each London performance.

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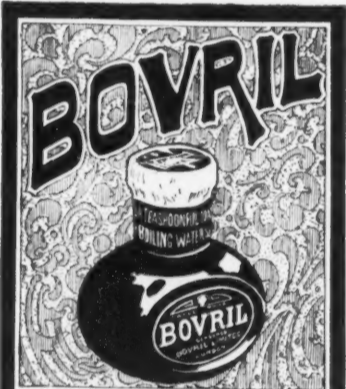
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. and the Misses Jones received a host of callers at their new home, 72 Carlton street, on their first reception day, last Monday. Miss Jones' friends are looking forward to her promised musical at the end of the month, when she will be assisted by her clever elocutionist cousin, Miss Temple Dixon. The latter lady is very busy with her classes, which bid fair to interest many persons desirous of culture in the gentle art of elocution. Nothing takes better than a clever and appropriate recitation these days.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee returned on Tuesday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Michie, at Gravenhurst. Very good accounts of Mrs. Michie have cheered her many Toronto friends. Gravenhurst air is suiting her exactly.

Mr. J. E. Ingraham, vice-president, and Mr. J. R. Walker, of the Florida East Coast Railway, have just returned after a most enjoyable hunting trip together in Muskoka.

Mr. Philip Drayton and the Misses Drayton have taken up house at 701 Ontario street.

Mrs. E. J. Notman of Spadina avenue has returned home after a pleasant visit, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Tuck, and her young son.

Mrs. Jack Manning, who has been spending a few days with her mother, will return to Peterborough on Monday evening.

Something that will no doubt be very eagerly welcomed in Toronto—has indeed been so welcomed by advance subscriptions—is the People's Popular Entertainment Course in Massey Music Hall. There will be eight fine concerts during the winter, and a ticket for the full course will only cost one dollar. It is the great capacity of Massey Hall that makes this course of concerts possible at the price. Mr. Cary W. Hartman, who has arranged these concerts, has secured exceptional talent. The opening concert will take place Tuesday, October 31, when the London Glee Singers will give us an evening of Old English folk-song and ballads. The singers will be appropriately costumed as cavaliers, sailors, or whatever the song may require. There will be ballads and madrigals, duets, quartettes and choruses by a company including such singers as Miss Carrie Shaw, Miss Emlen Jones, Mr. Frank Pemberton, Mr. Robert Hyatt and Mr. Isidore Marell. This is the first concert, and will be followed by the Central Grand Concert Company, including Miss Cecilia Eppinghouse Bailey, prima donna soprano; Miss A. Harding, contralto; Harry Fellows, tenor; Francis Walker, baritone, and Henry B. Vincent, pianist. Then follows the Ottumwas of Chicago; Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York; the Park Sisters; Edward H. Frye as David Harum; the Western Star Company, and the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra. This is a great concert course for one dollar.

Next Tuesday afternoon one of the sweetest and most popular of Toronto's many charming girls is so wear the orange blossoms, when Miss Adelaide Wadsworth becomes the bride of Mr. John P. Northey. The ceremony takes place in St. Thomas' Church at three o'clock.

A couple of dinners have been given within the last few days by Colonel Lesard, at Stanley Barracks, and today Captain Simson has a luncheon at the Hunt Club for his colonel and brother officers.

Last evening, October 20, the nurses of the General Hospital school celebrated their commencement in the theater of the hospital, and were presented with their medals and diplomas. After this interesting ceremony a reception in the Nurses' Home was given, at which a great many prominent persons interested in the nurses' success were present.

Miss Ethel Heaven has a studio in York Chambers, Toronto street, where she is busy at work each morning.

Mademoiselle Van den Broeck is on a visit to Mrs. George Allen Case and is a much appreciated guest. She has recently been most successful in artistic matters.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Sydney Fisher and the Postmaster General were strolling on King street on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville are preparing to remove to Atherley very shortly. Mrs. and the Misses Heaven are with Mrs. George Moranz in Beverley street for the present, a family reunion all are enjoying.

It is expected that Papinta, the fire dancer, and the Burmese jugglers at Shea's next week will make a big stir.

The Forty-third Ottawa and Carleton Rifles intend holding a bazaar with Tombola during the last week of November for the purpose of raising funds to assist in building permanent quarters for the corps at Rockcliffe rifle range.

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My brain seemed tired, and I had difficulty in remembering small matters. Weeks went by, but there was no improvement in my condition. My physician told me a rest was necessary if I wished to avoid nervous prostration or paralysis. I had no time for vacation, but fortunately read in SATURDAY NIGHT about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and determined to find out if there was virtue in it.

Though skeptical at first, it only required one box to convince me that perseverance in this treatment would bring back to me the vitality and strength of former days. It took twelve boxes to put me where I am to-day, and the value of those twelve boxes to me is beyond calculation.

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Births.

WATSON—On the 12th inst., at 161 Jameson Avenue, the wife of G. F. Watson—a son.
HOWARD—Oct. 14, Mrs. Edmund Howard—a son.
FOSTER—Oct. 11, Mrs. James Foster, Jr.—a son.

Marriages.

O'DONNELL—NEALES—Oct. 3, Francis O'Donnell to Sadie Neales.
MACKIE—WILLIAMS—Oct. 11, J. H. Mackie to Jennie Gertrude Williams.
WESTMAN—RIDDLE—Oct. 11, Eldon Westman to Elizabeth A. Riddle.

Deaths.

ROGERS—At St. Catharines, on Tuesday, October 17, Robert Rogers, late of Niagara-on-the-lake, in his 81st year.
MELADY—Oct. 11, Miss Christina Melady, aged 66.
LADLAW—Oct. 13, John Ladlaw, aged 81.
REEVE—Oct. 15, Mrs. Alfred Reeve, aged 49.



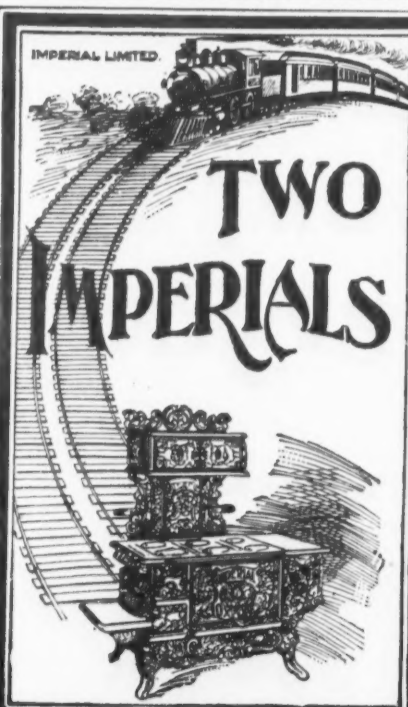
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